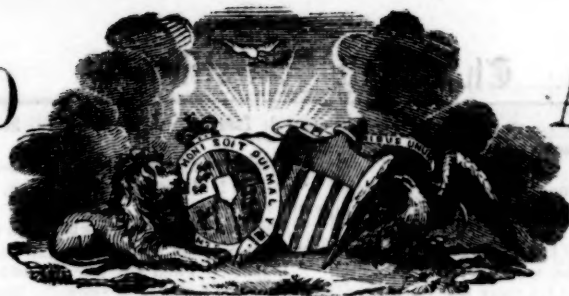


A. D. PATERSON,

EDITOR.



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LITTLE FOOLS AND GREAT ONES.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

When at the social board you sit,
And pass around the wine,
Remember though abuse is vile,
That use may be divine
That Heaven, in kindness, gave the grape
To cheer both great and small ;—
That little fools will drink too much,
But great ones not at all.

And when in youth's too fleeting hours,
You roam the earth alone,
And have not sought some loving heart
That you may make your own :—
Remember woman's priceless worth,
And think when pleasures pall,—
That little fools will love too much,
But great ones not at all.

And if a friend deceived you once,
Absolve poor human kind,
Nor rail against your fellow man
With malice in your mind :
But in your daily intercourse,
Remember, lest you fall,—
That little fools confide too much,
But great ones not at all.

In weal or woe, be trustful still ;
And in the deepest care
Be bold and resolute, and shun
The coward fool Despair.
Let work and hope go hand in hand ;—
And know, what'er befall,—
That little fools may hope too much,
But great ones not at all.

In work or pleasure, love or drink,
Your rule be still the same,
Your work not toil, your pleasure pure,
Your love a steady flame.
Your drink not maddening, but to cheer,
So shall your joy not pall,
For little fools enjoy too much,
But great ones not at all.

THE TEMPTED.

The rain fell heavily against the window-panes; the night was not only dark and gloomy, but a thick, black vapour seemed actually to penetrate into the interior of the mansion, the inhabitants of which were now locked in profound slumber. Not a single light appeared throughout the whole city of Brest, save in the windows of a large, square, dismal-looking building which stood on the left bank of the port. This edifice is the Bagne, or fatal prison, in which the captives, doomed to perpetual labour, are left to waste their useless sighs, or vent their idle execrations.

In an upper room of that portion of the establishment, used as an hospital, a young man, in the undress uniform of a surgeon in the French navy, sat reading. He seemed so absorbed in his studies that he took no notice of the pattering rain, or the fast decay of the lamp, which dimly lighted the book before him. On a sudden he started up, and carrying on the thread of the argument he had apparently been following, he exclaimed aloud, "True, true; the poor do but live, they do but exist, drag on a few miserable years, and then sink unheeded, into a noisome grave. Riches alone can bring pleasure, and make each hour we live an age of enjoyment. Cursed is the lot of him unblest by fortune! At twenty-seven years of age here am I, doomed to a life of poverty, destined to pass my days in this miserable hospital! The author is right." And again De Launay plunged into his studies.

His task was, however, soon broken in upon by the entrance of one of the infirm men, who came to inform him that "number seven had just breathed his last." Without the slightest emotion, save a shade of annoyance, which stole over his countenance at this interruption, the young surgeon rose, and approached the double row of iron beds, each bearing the number of its tenant; for in the infirmary of the Bagne no prisoner bears a name. A single cipher stands for the appellative the convict has disgraced.

De Launay stopped when he came to "number seven." He drew down the sheet, which had been thrown over the face of the corpse, and gazed at it with deep interest. He placed his hand upon the head, and contemplated the form before him for some instants, then, as if struck with a sudden desire to ascertain some anatomical point, he ordered the body to be instantly carried into the dissecting hall. The wretched remains were those of one whose phrenological developments might have proved a study of deep interest. Condemned to hard labour for life, for robbery, and attempt to murder, Pierre Cranon had now been an inmate of the prison for upwards of ten years—ten years of continual study how to escape. No less than sixty times had the unhappy man endeavoured to get away, and sixty times had he been detected and punished. For several months previous to his last illness had Cranon been bound to his labour by chains weighing some thirty pounds; every vigilance had been exercised by his guards to prevent the possibility of his flight, and yet the idea of

escape haunted his imagination, and became a never-dying, never-yielding monomania. The pain, however, of his increased fetters, at length brought on a sullen despair. His strict confinement within the walls undermined his health, and wore out the last remnant of his miserable days. He pined; he sickened; and, withering, sank.

The attendants re-entered with a bier, on which they placed the body, and carried it, as desired, into the dissecting-room. The anatomical hall of the Bagne, but rarely used, was still more horrible in its appearance than such places usually are. Strewed about lay several human limbs, thrown carelessly aside, half-eaten by the rats. Several shreds of human flesh, already putrid, clung to the large marble table used for dissecting, while the foot occasionally slipped as it glided through some filthy pool of half-coagulated blood. Near an open window hung a skeleton, which had already lost some of its parts, and which moved up and down, creaking and almost cracking as the breeze swung it about.

Although accustomed to such scenes, De Launay felt a chill steal through his frame, a nervous sensation, hitherto unknown to him, but now brought on by the dreary damp of the horrid amphitheatre, whose terrors seemed to dance in grim array; as the flaming light kept waving in the breeze. The young surgeon quickly produced his instruments, and approached the corpse. The dreadfully attenuated frame, the lacerated ankles, where the iron had actually eaten into the flesh, all lay displayed before him, and he paused for a moment. De Launay, seizing his dissecting-knife, was about to plunge it into the body, when a slight movement of the arm made him start back; in another instant, Cranon opened his eyes, and slowly raising himself, peered anxiously around. The young surgeon stood aghast; profiting by this, the prisoner quietly but quickly started up, and rushed towards the window. In a moment De Launay saw the artifice; he darted on the unfortunate wretch, and attempted to throw him down. The love of life, the hopes of liberty for a moment lent their whole force to the miserable captive. A deadly struggle took place, in which youth and vigour gained the mastery, and Cranon lay at the mercy of De Launay, who placed his knee upon his chest.

"Your attempts are useless; you are in my power. A single call will bring the guard. Say, then, what means this fresh, this mad attempt at escape?"

"For the love of God, let me go! Surely my escape cannot hurt you, and the Almighty will reward you for the good deed. Nay, do not spurn the prayers of a miserable old man."

"What! think you I will connive at such a thing?"

"Just providence! think what I've suffered! ten long years of misery, and now two months of cherished hope thus crushed in a moment. I, who for three days refused all food, in order to become ill, and be admitted into the infirmary; I, who counterfeited death so well that even you were deceived. But no, no; you will not detain me. Good Monsieur de Launay, you have a heart. Oh, give me, then, my freedom."

"Why are you so desirous of obtaining it?"

"Why? Ah! you never have been a prisoner, a prisoner for life, or you would never ask why I desire liberty."

"But how would you gain a livelihood? You are too old, too weak to work. You would starve."

The captive smiled; an almost disdainful sneer of triumph curled his lip, as he replied, "I am richer than yourself."

"You!"—"Most true."

"You are indeed, then, fortunate." This was said with a degree of bitter irony, which, while it conveyed a doubt of the truth of the assertion, told plainly how highly the young surgeon estimated the gifts of fortune.

"Would you also be rich? I have enough for us both."

"Do you take me for a fool, that you thus endeavour to deceive me?"

"I tell you I can make your fortune."

"Some robbery, in which you would have me join?"

"No, not so; assist my flight, and I will place the money in your hands. I will give you half of all I have got."

"Silence, keep your falsehoods for those who are credulous enough to believe them, and come instantly back to the guard-house;" and De Launay attempted to look careless, though his ears had drunk in each syllable the prisoner had uttered.

"Will you not believe me?" despairingly asked the captive. "On my soul, I lie not. How can I prove the truth of my assertion?"

"Show me your treasure."

"I have it not here. You know well I cannot have it in my possession. Let me go, and I swear you shall have your share of it."

"Thank you! thank you for nothing! I will instantly sign the receipt in full. So up, and in again!—up!" and he shook the wretched man.

Cranon groaned heavily. He pondered for a moment, and then suddenly exclaimed, in a tone which left no doubt on the mind of the young surgeon that he was speaking the truth, "Listen to me; so help me Providence, I possess the money I speak of. It is no fancy, no well-invented lie; I have a fortune enough to make us both rich. Now, say, if I prove this to be the fact, and consent to give you half, will you allow me to escape?"

"We'll see: go on."

"Not so, till you promise."

"Well, I suppose I may do so safely."

"Swear that you will."—"I swear."

"Well, then, on the beach of St. Michaels, just behind the rock of Irglas, in a pit six feet deep, ten years ago I hid an iron case, containing four hundred thousand francs in bank-notes."

De Launay started. "Where did you get that sum?"

"From a traveller we assassinated near the spot."—"Wretch!"

"Four hundred thousand francs," repeated the convict, with a voice of triumph, "is enough, I hope, for two,—enough to make us both happy. Say, will you have half?"

The young surgeon paused, then added in a tone of doubt, "The tale seems scarcely credible. You have been a prisoner here for upwards of ten years."

"Right; it is fully that time since Martin and I, being closely pursued, buried the treasure in the spot I told you of. The very day after we were seized at Plestin, and brought here. Martin died within these walls last year and left me the sole possessor of this important secret."

Notwithstanding all his endeavours to appear indifferent, De Launay had listened with deep attention to Cranon's recital. When he had ceased to speak, the young man remained perfectly silent for some time, seeming to balance in his own mind the probability of the story he had just heard. Casting his eyes up for a single moment, he found those of the prisoner fixed on him. He blushed, and starting from his reverie, said, with an air of forced levity, which his former attention but too fully belied—

"Your story is well invented, but the theme is old. It won't do. These hidden treasures are a hackneyed subject, which children laugh at now. Try and get up a better, a more probable one."

The convict shuddered. "You do not believe me?"

"I believe you to be a clever rogue, who might perhaps succeed in deceiving one less wary than myself."

Cranon threw himself on his knees. "Monsieur de Launay, for the love of God, believe me! I speak the truth; I can instantly find the spot, if you will only let me go and search for it."

"I will save you that trouble."

"Nay, then, I will give you two thirds, two full thirds."

"Enough."

"Nay, I will also add the jewels, the trinkets; for there are also valuable jewels in the case."

"Silence! I have listened too long; get up, sir."

Cranon uttered a wild scream of despair, and threw himself on the ground again. The convict now rolled himself over in agonizing misery; he groaned in mental torture. De Launay seemed perplexed; an inward struggle agitated his bosom. Bad passions began to spring up and shake his purpose. On the one hand, his violent desire for riches made him almost hope the tale he had just heard was true, and in this case he would not hesitate to accept the prisoner's proposals; on the other hand, he feared he might be duped, and become a laughing-stock, despised, disgraced, for thus conniving at the escape of a convict. This last reflection overcame his every other feeling. He started up, and attempted, but without success, to drag Cranon towards the entrance. Foiled in this, he darted through the door, which he double-locked upon the prisoner, and rushing to the guard-house, obtained the assistance of a file of soldiers.

As he was unlocking the door, in company with the assistants he had brought, a sudden shot was fired; at the same moment a man, stripped perfectly naked, covered with blood, bounded past him. It was Cranon, who during his momentary absence had jumped out of the window, and been wounded by the sentinel on duty.

The unhappy man staggered a few paces, reeled, and fell a corpse into the arms of De Launay.

Badenweiler, an inconsiderable watering-place in the neighbourhood of the Black Forest, is one of the most picturesque spots on the continent of Europe. Nature seems here to have taken a strange delight in amassing her richest charms, and concentrating her every beauty within a single valley. As its name indicates, Badenweiler boasts mineral baths, famed from the earliest ages.

The bathers who lodged at the "Ville de Carlsruhe," the best hotel in the place, were assembled beneath a little grove of acacias planted in the garden of the inn. Madame Perschof, with her only unmarried daughter, had just joined the group, from which the young bachelors shrunk with terror at the approach of this husband-hunting dame, who, having managed to procure partners for her three elder damsels elsewhere, had come hither for the purpose of entrapping another son-in-law. After a short salutation to the company, the match-making parent sat down, and having made her spinster child take a place next to her,—for caution is always commendable in prudent mammas at strange watering-places,—the conversation, which had been interrupted for a moment by her arrival, again went on.

"I must confess," said a fat old lady, who occupied three chairs, "I must confess that the conduct of this Miss Morpeth is most strange. I cannot make out her coming here with a sort of governess, travelling about unprotected in a strange country."

"Oh, that is nothing," interrupted a pseudo-blue-stocking lady. "I know the customs of these islands well; for my husband subscribes to the British reading room at Frankfort; and I can assure you that English young ladies always travel alone, or with their lovers."

"How very immoral!" exclaimed Madame Perschof.

"And this Englishman, this Mr. Burns, who follows the young lady about to every place she visits? It is all very well for her to call him an old friend of the family; but I know better than that. I've watched his attentions, and I am sure he is a lover."

"But he is old enough to be her father."

"So much the more likely to be a gallant. She is just the girl an elderly man would admire. I will be bound to say Mr. Burns is rich."

"How very horrible!" cried Madame Perschof. "I am but a poor lone widow; but, if I had a child like Miss Morpeth—"

"Yes, but you don't understand the character of these English," again chimed in the blue stocking. "England is a free country; they have their 'habeas corpus,' and their bustings, which decidedly affect their manners."

"That is all very possible, though I don't understand it. But this I do know, the girl is a coquette, and has managed to turn Monsieur de Launay's head, a young man who might aspire to a far more beautiful and accomplished creature." And Madame Perschof looked approvingly at her buckram daughter.

"Hush!" cried the fat lady; "here he comes."

As she spoke, Edward de Launay approached. Apparently preoccupied by unpleasant reflections, he allowed the gesture of Madame Perschof to pass unheeded, although that gesture conveyed a direct invitation to the favoured gentleman to take a seat next to her fair daughter; but, taking his place at some distance from the rest of the company, he turned silently away, without deigning to cast another look on the fair Madame Perschof, and thus offended the worthy mamma, who, with some acerbity, asked, "How it was that Mon-

sieur de Launay was not on duty, keeping guard over the lovely Fanny Morpeth?"

"Miss Morpeth does not go out to-day; she is far from well."

"Indeed! I think you are wrong. I am almost sure I saw her pass some hours ago."

"I learned this from Miss Morpeth herself, in answer to a solicitation on my part to accompany her on an excursion we had planned last evening."

"Is it so? Then you are not the favoured one I thought you. Behold!"

And, with a glance of triumph, Madame Perschof pointed to Miss Morpeth, who just then entered the grove mounted on a donkey. She had evidently returned from a long country ramble. Mr. Burns accompanied her on foot. De Launay started up, while his countenance betrayed surprise and mortification. Miss Morpeth blushed, and, hurrying past, entered the hotel without speaking to any one. Mr. Burns was about following her, when De Launay, seizing him by the arm, begged for a few minutes' conversation. The Englishman instantly assented, and they at once sought the retirement of the neighbouring wood. Suddenly De Launay stopped.

"You, doubtless, know my reason for thus seeking a private interview?"

"Perhaps I do."

"You cannot be ignorant that I love, adore Miss Morpeth: that, to a certain extent, our affection is mutual; at least so I had every reason to believe, till you arrived here. Since that period her manner has changed; she is no longer the same."

"Surely a young lady has a right to consider well, and weigh the consequences, ere she enters into an engagement to marry a perfect stranger?"

"I scarcely understand you, nor your right to enquire; but if you seek the information, you shall have it. I am not ashamed of telling you who and what I am."

"I am all attention."

"I am a member of one of the oldest families in Brittany. My father, who commanded a frigate, died at Brest. Left an orphan at fifteen years of age, I became a surgeon in the French navy, a service I only quitted a year and a half ago. As to my fortune," and here his voice trembled as he added, "I possess four hundred thousand francs, of which I can give positive proof."

"All these assertions would doubtless be of great interest, and have their proper weight with the young lady. As far as I am concerned, mere statement is not sufficient."

"Sir, this language, these doubts are insulting."

"Rather call it prudent."

"By what right do you thus dare either to question or disbelieve me? You are a stranger to me yourself; I know not who you are."

"A friend, warmly interested in the young lady's welfare; nothing more."

"In my turn, may I not re-echo your doubts?—may I not declare such an explanation to be wholly unsatisfactory?"

"Sir, you will remember that I never sought this interview. You chose to make me your confidant; it was a post I did not seek. I have told you all I intend to tell you. If this does not suit you, I wish you a good morning."

At this moment Miss Morpeth appeared.

"I come, I come," said the Englishman; and he instantly joined Fanny, leaving De Launay to his further reflections:—Whether Miss Morpeth was a heartless coquette, who had played with his affections? By what tie she was bound to the laconic Englishman? Had the young surgeon's vanity misconstrued her good nature, and magnified her simple civilities into encouragement? Was the whole a dream? or was she really attached to him?—For the life of him, De Launay could not decide in his own mind.

When De Launay saw Miss Morpeth in the evening, he assumed all the coldness, the distance of an injured lover. He even attempted to conceal his jealousy by appearing to flirt with Mademoiselle Perschof, to the no small delight of her proud mamma, who occasionally came to the relief of her blushing daughter by a chance allusion to her uncle the burgomaster, a hint about family portraits, and a mere glance at her child's great accomplishments.

Fanny looked grave, but not angry. Day after day rolled past; her melancholy seemed to increase, an anxious excitement lighted her countenance, and on more than one occasion De Launay saw her rush with peevish impatience to meet the man who was employed to bring the letters to the hotel. At length the wished-for epistle reached her hands. Pale as marble, she received one morning a packet bearing the post-mark "Brest," and with trembling haste she flew to Mr. Burns, to whom it was directed, as if her whole existence depended on the contents of that missive.

De Launay saw this, and again his jealous fears were roused. In misery and anger he rushed from the house, and entering the well-shrubbered garden, threw himself on one of the benches, where, unseen by any one, he might mentally review his misfortunes, jealous lest some prying eye should read his thoughts, and discover the pain he felt at being thus slighted, cast off, in favor of another. Here he had not sat long, when a fairy hand was placed on his shoulder, and the well-known tones of his loved Fanny were heard to utter his name. He started up: it was no vision. There stood the girl he loved, smiling on him with pure affection; then before him was the rapturous gaze of her, who, while she offered him one of her lovely hands as a token of restored affection, held up to his view, with tantalizing archness, the very letter which had caused him so much uneasiness.

They exchanged a single sentence, and were again the fondest, the most affectionate of lovers. A few more words, and without alluding to its contents, Miss Morpeth handed him the letter, which he eagerly read.

"TO MR. BURNS."

"Sir,—I have as directed, made every inquiry relative to the person you mention. He is the only son of the late Captain de Launay, who died in this city in 1820. His Christian name is Edward. He became a naval surgeon—appointed five years ago as assistant in the Bague—quitted on the 8th of April last year, having, it is said, inherited a large fortune from a distant relation, name unknown. Bears a good character, and said to be skilful. Description copied from the police-office, as per margin. Your obedient and humble servants, Rochfort & Co."

In an instant the blood rushed into the face of the indignant young man.

"Am I to be made the object of inquiries like these? Never, never! If it is at such a price—if I am to be taken only on the faith of such documents as these, to become the husband of Miss Morpeth, ten thousand times will I rather renounce them than be the pointed object of suspicion."

"Edward! this from you!"

"Alas! it will break my heart; but by Heaven it shall not pass unpunished. I will instantly seek out this officious Englishman."

"Stay, you know not what you do."

"Ay, but too well do I know that he is your lover."

"On my soul, not so."

"Tell me, then, tell me, I conjure you, how is it that he is thus mixed up in your welfare?"

"Nay, I beseech you, inquire not. After to-morrow, I pledge myself to clear up this mystery. Suffice it to say at present, he is a relative, a near and dear relative, whose name must remain concealed for a few days, till the fate of an officer he has wounded be ascertained. Wait but a little, dearest Edward, and there shall be no concealment between us."

The term "dearest Edward" at once softened the young Frenchman. The half explanation, the assurance that Mr. Burns was a relative, pleased him; and, though he thought it dignified to keep up a small degree of apparent rancour about the letter, the contents of which, after all, were not disagreeable, De Launay felt perfectly happy. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that in less than ten minutes the said letter, Mr. Burns, Mademoiselle Perschof, and the whole world were forgotten.

To their great surprise, the bell sounded, and summoned them to their evening repast, ere they seemed to have conversed five minutes.

"And must we part, dearest Fanny!—so soon, too. Promise to see me here again at the same hour to-morrow." The happy and now lively girl assented. "Till then, sometimes think on me. But stay.—a happy idea—bear some token that will remind you of me in my absence."

"That is unnecessary, Edward."

"Nay, nay, not so; it will please me—here." And he took a small casket from his pocket. "The cameo has long been in our family: accept it as a token that my parent now looks down from heaven on our love."

And he fastened the rich ornament in her scarf. In truth, I must confess I believe he imprinted a chaste kiss on the fair cheek of her he adored, as he entered with her into the saloon in which the evening meal was served.

The greater number of persons were assembled together in a little knot, talking of some discoveries lately made in Africa; while the female portion were expressing their terror at the dangers which every man must incur who travels through an uncivilized country. This little *coterie* Edward instantly joined, and was soon mixed up in their conversation; while Miss Morpeth approached Mr. Burns, who sat at the opposite end of the room, apparently in a deep reverie. As Fanny drew near to him he rose, and advanced to meet her. Scarcely, however, had he taken a single pace towards her, than, starting back with a look of horror, pointing at the same time to the brooch she had just received, he said—

"Where did you get that ornament?"

The poor girl blushed. She had unconsciously betrayed her secret.

"Where did you get that brooch?" repeated Mr. Burns, in a tone of extreme agitation; "where did you purchase it?"

"It was a present."

"From whom?" Fanny was silent. "Doubtlessly from Monsieur de Launay? Ah, it is so, is it? Then are my worst fears confirmed."

"I do not understand you."

"Allow me to look at it."

She handed it to him; he examined it carefully, turned it over several times, then touching a spring at the back, the setting flew open, and discovered some hair placed inside it.

"I thought I could not be deceived; and yet his age almost staggers me. Tell me, Miss Morpeth, did Monsieur de Launay state where he obtained this trinket?"

"It is a family jewel: his mother left it to him."

"He told you so—you are quite sure?"

"Most perfectly so."

For a few moments the Englishman was plunged in thought; then, suddenly recovering himself, he approached the group of talkers, who were still speaking of the dangers which surrounded those who ventured into savage lands. He abruptly chimed in—

"Risk of life is not confined to the distant voyager: I have experienced this myself in Europe."

"In England, perhaps," replied De Launay, somewhat displeased at being interrupted.

"You are wrong, sir; it was in France, that country so proud of its high state of civilization. I was nearly assassinated twelve years ago."

"Indeed! How did it happen?"

The chairs of the ladies were drawn close round the narrator.

"Mine is a very simple, straight-forward tale, though it is one I can never forget, or cease to feel, since it has had an effect both upon my health and fortune. Having disembarked at Brest, where we had put in from stress of weather, I determined on proceeding through Brittany on to Paris by post. I was quite alone, and carried a pocket-book containing four hundred thousand francs in bank-bills. In the course of our journey we had to cross the sands of St Michael."

At the mention of this, De Launay started, and turned deadly pale. He lent his undivided attention, while the Englishman, who had closely watched him, continued—

"When we arrived at this spot the shades of night had already begun to obscure the horizon. The damp sand returned no echo to the footfall of the horses, or the roll of the wheels. The white surf of the receding tide, the murmur of the waves, the wildness of the scene, threw me into a deep reverie. Suddenly we came in view of a rock which stands boldly in the middle of the beach, like an Egyptian pyramid. I lowered the glass, and asked the name; the postilion turned round, and replied, 'The Irglas:' scarcely was the word uttered, when he fell from his horse, struck down by a ruffian, whom I clearly perceived. I instantly jumped from the carriage. In another instant a blow from an unseen hand laid me senseless, bathed in my blood."

A general murmur went round the auditors. De Launay stood like a statue, immovable, and as pale as death.

"When again recovered, I found myself in a fisherman's hut. He had discovered me apparently without life, and having transported me to his cottage, had taken care of me. The postilion was found quite dead, and the carriage rifled."

"And have you never been able to trace the assassins?" asked several voices.

"As yet all attempts to do so have failed. I think, however, I have at length discovered a clue," and he looked straight at De Launay; "one of the objects stolen was a jewel-case, containing several rich trinkets of peculiar make; amongst others a brooch, the very counterpart of the one I now hold in my hand."

In an instant every one was busily engaged in examining the brooch, of which Mr. Burns still retained possession. One individual alone seemed indifferent to the subject, Edward de Launay, who, evidently fainting, was leaning against the opposite wall.

"Good Heaven! see, what is the matter with Monsieur de Launay! What can this mean?" cried a well-intentioned friend.

"I'll tell you!" sternly replied Burns; "it is—"

"Father, for Heaven's sake, stop!" cried Fanny, throwing herself into his arms, and interrupting him. "Stop, as you value your child!" and she sank insensible on his shoulders.

"Her father! he—her father! great God! then I am lost!" and with one bound Edward rushed frantically from the room.

Miss Morpeth was carried to her chamber. A violent fever, accompanied by spasms, was the immediate consequence, and a surgeon was instantly sent for from the neighbouring town. At length she fell into an uneasy slumber, and her father took advantage of the opportunity to enter the next room, where he had a letter to finish. Scarcely had he begun the task when the door opened quietly, and De Launay entered. The first impulse of Burns was anger and indignation; but when he saw the humble, the self-abased attitude of the young surgeon, who approached him as one conscious of his own degraded position, the good-hearted Englishman checked the harsh term, which was already on his tongue, and awaited the address of the intruder.

"My visit is unexpected," murmured Edward, in a low voice.

"It is true; assassins are usually more prudent."

"Were I one I might be so. I came to offer you a full explanation." Mr. Burns was silent, but cast a look of doubt on the young Frenchman.

"Nay, sir, you will have no cause to disbelieve my statement. I confess myself to be, if not exactly criminal, yet quite culpable enough to satisfy the malice of my bitterest enemy. As to any participation in the crime of which you were the victim, these certificates will exempt me, since they prove that I was employed on board a frigate in the South Seas at the time the misfortune happened to you." And he laid some official documents before Mr. Burns, who expressed some suspicion at this testimony in favour of him he had supposed to have been an assassin, and he cautiously demanded—

"Whence, then, this cameo? You appeared evidently overcome by my late recital. Though you did not commit the deed, I fear you were cognizant of it."

"I was aware of it."

"You gave this brooch to my daughter, as a trinket belonging to your family; am I, then, to understand that it was a member of—"

"By no means," interrupted Edward, "my family has always been honourable and honoured."

"Unfortunate young man! how, then, have you become an accomplice?"

"By inheritance. Listen, sir; I will hide nothing from you." And he at once stated the whole truth to Mr. Burns. When it was concluded, the Englishman pondered; but ere he had time to speak, De Launay rose, and added, "Your four hundred thousand francs are placed in the funds. Here are the vouchers; I have by this act transferred them to your name; and here, sir, is the case, which contains the rest of the property, for which, in an unlucky hour I have bartered honour, life, and happiness."

"Sir, this extraordinary explanation, this sudden restitution of property, lost, but for you, for ever, has filled me with such conflicting ideas, that I scarcely know whether to reproach you or load you with grateful acknowledgments. I cannot, however, conceal from you that I think you have committed a great fault."

"Say crime; crime is the word. I was too weak. It is true I strove with the tempter for some time after the death of Cranon; but, alas! the evil spirit, Ambition, was too strong, and I fell a victim to it. I obtained the treasure I sought; but it has been at the expense of peace and repose; for, since the moment I became possessed of it, I have not known a happy hour."

For a moment the miserable young man seemed racked with pain; but after an instant's pause he continued—

"But I will not trouble you farther. I have, perhaps, already said too much. I will now retire; most probably we shall never meet again." He took a pace towards the door, then stopped, and in a voice of humble appeal again addressed the Englishman; "No, sir, you will never see me more; this farewell may be looked upon as the farewell of a dying man. Oh! sir, if I dared to ask it, dared to hope for it—one single word with her before we part for ever. But no; I see you think me unworthy of this happiness. I go," and he was turning to leave, as Fanny suddenly threw open the door, and appeared before them.

"What do you here? Begone! return to your room, I insist."

"Ah, sir; you deny me this last consolation, this fleeting happiness." He turned to Fanny. "You shed tears. May Heaven bless you! My prayers shall follow you, though I shall never behold you more."

"I have heard all," sobbed Miss Morpeth.

"You then despise me?"

"No, not so!" cried the wretched girl, and, flying to him, she threw herself into his arms. For a moment their mingled sobs could only be heard. Mr. Burns approached to separate them, when Fanny, suddenly disengaging herself, stood erect before him and sternly exclaimed—

"Father, I have sworn to be his."

"Are you distracted?"

"I will keep my vow. I am his for ever."

"Sir, as you value your life, give up my daughter," and he approached De Launay.

"Stay!" suddenly cried Fanny, her feelings wrought up to a point of excitement almost beyond endurance, and suddenly throwing herself on her knees between them, she burst into tears. "Stay father. I have been your child, your affectionate child. I have loved, I have venerated you; but from this moment Edward is my husband. Cast him off, if you will; I will follow him; I will share his exile, and endeavour to console him for your unkindness. In misery, in illness, in poverty, I am his for ever. Renounce me, if you will; nothing shall change my purpose;" and she sprang up, and encircled De Launay with her arms.

Frantic almost to madness, her father rushed towards her, and attempted to tear her away; then turning to the young Frenchman, he raised his hand as if about to strike him.

"Stay, sir; I can permit no violence. Fear not that I am about to rob you of this angel. No, sir; you ought to have known me better. Remove your daughter quietly, but quickly. Cannot you see I am dying?"

The lovely girl uttered a piercing cry, and clung still closer to him. He looked up; he smiled; he attempted to draw her closer to his breast as his head fell on her marble shoulder.

De Launay was no more!

NELSON'S DESPATCHES AND LETTERS.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Not through flowery paths do genius and heroism tread on their path to fame. What a length of weary way, with what antres vast and deserts idle, and path-

less wildernesses bestrown, lay between the Reasonable of 1770 and the Victory of 1805! and yet through them all, the traveller's eye was unalterably fixed on the great light that his soul saw filling the whole sky with its radiance, and which he knew the whole time was reflected from the Baltic, and the Nile, and Trafalgar. The letters of Nelson just given to the public by the industry of Sir Harris Nicolas, will hereafter be the manual of the sailor, as the sister service has found a guide in the *Despatches of the Duke of Wellington*. All that was to be expected from the well-known talent of the editor, united to an enthusiasm for his hero, which has carried him triumphantly through the extraordinary labour of investigating and ascertaining every fact in the slightest degree bearing upon his subject, is to be found in this volume, in which, from the beginning to the end, by a continued series of letters, Nelson is made his own historian; and we sincerely believe, divesting ourselves as far as possible of all prejudice and partiality, that no character ever came purer from the ordeal of unreserved communication—where not a thought is concealed or an expression studied—than the true friend, the good son, the affectionate brother, Horatio Nelson. The correspondence in this volume only extends from 1777 to 1794, and no blot has yet occurred to mar the brightness of a character where there is so much to like, that the reader finds it difficult to dwell on the heroic parts of it which he is only called upon to admire. When the volume ends, he is only thirty-six years old, and is captain of the *Agamemnon*; but his path is clearly traced out—his name is in men's mouths and his character established. And, looking over the whole correspondence, nothing, perhaps, is so striking as the early development of his peculiar qualities, and the firm unswerving line he struck in to from the beginning and continued in to the last. A self-reliance, amounting in weaker and less equally-balanced natures to doggedness and conceit—a clear perception of the circumstances of a case almost resembling intuition—a patriotism verging on the romantic, and a sense of duty never for a moment yielding to the "whips and scorns that patient merit of the unworthy takes," are displayed in every incident of his life, from the time that he left the quiet parsonage-house at Burnham Thorpe, till he finished his glorious career.

At twelve years of age, he joined his uncle in the *Reasonable* sixty-four, and served in her as midshipman for five months; and few people would have been able to discover the future hero in the feeble boy he must have been at that time. Still less, perhaps, would they have expected the future Bronte, a few months later, in the person of a little fellow, no longer a midshipman in the Royal Navy, but a working "youngster" on board a West India ship, as he informs us in his "Sketch of my Life," belonging to the house of Hibbert, Parrier, and Horton, from which he returned to the *Triumph* at Chatham, a good practical seaman but with a horror of the Royal Navy, and a firm belief in a saying then constant with the seamen, "Aft the most honour, forward the better man." The next situation we find him in, will probably shock the delicate feelings of tender mamma, who expect their sons to be admirals without any apprenticeship; for he is rated on the books of the *Triumph* as "captain's servant" for one year, two months, and two days. We may in some measure relieve their minds, by assuring them, that he did not wear livery, and was never called upon to brush the captain's coat. But the horrid man submitted even to lower degradation, in order to get experience in his profession, which our Reginald Augustus could never have thought of; for he tells us, that "when the expedition towards the North Pole was fitted out, although no boys were allowed to go in the ships—as of no use—yet nothing could prevent my using every interest to go with Captain Lutwidge in the *Carcass*, and as I fancied I was to fill a man's place, I begged I might be his coxswain; which, finding my ardent desire for going with him, Captain Lutwidge complied with."

And Cockswain Nelson "exerted himself, (when the boats were fitted out to quit the two ships blocked up in the ice,) to have the command of a four-oared cutter raised upon, which was given him, with twelve men; and he prided himself in fancying he could navigate her better than any other boat in the ship."

And we will back the cockswain to any amount, though he was then only fifteen, and probably did not weigh more than five stone.

But the vulgarity of the fellow will be the death of us, and our Matilda will never listen without disgust to the "Death of Nelson" again; for he tells us, that on the return of the Polar expedition, he was placed in the *Racehorse* of twenty guns, with Captain Farmer, and watched in the foretop!!! And it is probable, during all these mutations, that he very seldom tasted venison, and drank very little champagne. But even in the absence of those usual luxuries of the cockpit, he made himself a thorough seaman; and when serving in the *Worcester* sixty four, with Captain Mark Robinson, he says, with characteristic, because fully justified pride, "although my age might have been a sufficient cause for not entrusting me with the charge of a watch, yet Captain Robinson used to say, he felt as easy when I was upon deck as any officer in the ship."

And this brings us to 1777, the date of his commission, and the commencement of his correspondence. After the simple statement of his course of life we shall hardly be called upon to observe, that Nelson was no great scholar, as we perceive that his school education was finished when he was twelve years old. And we owe hearty thanks to Sir Harris Nicolas for having restored the letters to their original language, uncorrupted as it may be; for he informs us, that some of those which had been formerly published in the different biographies of the hero, were so improved and beautified that it was difficult to recognise them. By proper clipping and pruning, altering some sentences and exchanging others, an ingenious editor might transmute these simple epistles into the philippics of Junius; and therefore we derive complete satisfaction from the conviction, that, in this compilation, every sentence is exactly as it was written. With one other observation, (which we make for the sake of the Laura Matildas who are horrified at the "cockswain,") we shall proceed to give such extracts from the letters as we consider the most characteristic; and "that 'ere observation," as was said by Mr. Liston, "is this here," that Nelson was of what is usually called a very good family—being nearly connected with the Walpoles, Earls of Orford, and the Turners of Warham, in Norfolk. But for further information on this point, we refer them to an abstract of the pedigree prefixed to the letters. In the year 1777, and several following years, Nelson's principal correspondents were his brother, the Rev. William Nelson, who succeeded as second Baron Nelson of the Nile and of Hilborough, and was created Earl Nelson—Captain William Locker, then in command of the *Lowestoffe*, of whom very interesting memoirs have been published by his son Edward Hawke Locker, Esq., late a commissioner of Greenwich Hospital—the Rev. Edmund Nelson (his father)—besides the secretary to the Admiralty, and the official personages to whom his despatches were addressed.

In 1781 he was appointed commander of the *Albemarle*, of twenty-eight guns, and in the following year had a narrow escape from a strong French force in Boston Bay. The sailing qualities of the *Albemarle* beat the line-of-battle ships, and he immediately brought to for a frigate that formed part of the chas-

ing squadron, but his courtesy was declined, and the frigate bore away. He dwells, in several of his letters, on his good fortune in getting off; but in the following one to his father, he omits all mention of his challenge to the pursuer:—

"Albemarle, Isle of Bic, River St Lawrence, Oct. 19, 1782.

"My dear Father—I wrote to Mr. Suckling when I was at Newfoundland, but I have not had an opportunity of writing to you till this time. I expected to have sailed for England on the first of November, but our destination is now altered, for we sail with a fleet for New York to-morrow; and from there I think it very likely we shall go to the *grand theatre* of actions—the West Indies; but, in our line of life, we are sure of no one thing. When I reach New York you shall hear what becomes of me; but, while I have health, it is indifferent to me (were it not for the pleasure of seeing you and my brothers and sisters) where I go. Health, that greatest of blessings, is what I never truly enjoyed till I saw fair Canada. The change it has wrought I am convinced is truly wonderful. I most sincerely wish, my dear father, I could compliment you the same way; but I hope Bath has done you a great deal of good this summer. I have not had much success in the prize way, but it is all in good time, and I do not know I ought to complain; for, though I took several, but had not the good fortune to get one safe into port, yet, on the other side, I escaped from five French men-of-war in a wonderful manner. . . . Farewell, my dearest father, and assure yourself I always am, and ever shall be, your dutiful son,

"HORATIO NELSON."

In the following month he writes to his friend Locker—"I am a candidate with Lord Hood for a line-of-battle ship; he has honoured me highly by a letter, for wishing to go off this station to a station of service, and has promised me his friendship. Prince William is with him." And Sir Harris Nicolas adds in a note—"H. R. H. Prince William Henry, third son of King George III, afterwards Duke of Clarence, Admiral of the Fleet, (Lord High Admiral!) and King William IV." The Prince honoured Nelson with his warmest friendship, and many letters in this collection were addressed to his Royal Highness.

The following description of Nelson by the prince is extremely interesting:—

"I was then a midshipman on board the *Bardeur*, lying in the Narrows off Staten Island, and had the watch on deck, when Captain Nelson of the *Albemarle* came in his barge alongside, who appeared to be the merest boy of a captain I ever beheld; and his dress was worthy of attention. He had on a full laced uniform; his lank unpowered hair was tied in a stiff Hessian tail of an extraordinary length; the old-fashioned flaps of his waistcoat added to the quaintness of his figure, and produced an appearance which particularly attracted my notice, for I had never seen any thing like it before, nor could I imagine who he was or what he came about. My doubts were, however, removed when Lord Hood introduced me to him. There was something irresistibly pleasing in his address and an enthusiasm, when speaking on professional subjects, that showed he was no common being. Nelson, after this, went with us to the West Indies, and served under Lord Hood's flag during his indefatigable cruise off Cape Francois. Throughout the whole of the American war the height of Nelson's ambition was to command a line of battle ship; as for prize-money, it never entered his thoughts; he had always in view the character of his maternal uncle. I found him warmly attached to my father, and singularly humane; he had the honour of the king's service and the independence of the British navy particularly at heart; and his mind glowed with this idea as much when he was simply captain of the *Albemarle*, and had obtained none of the honours of his country, as when he was afterwards decorated with so much well-earned distinction."

Nelson's opinion of the prince, as a seaman, was scarcely less high; and it says not a little, in favour of both parties, that their friendship appears to have been founded on mutual respect. In July, 1783, the *Albemarle* was paid off; and Nelson having finished the war, as he expressed it in a letter to his friend Mr. Ross, without a fortune, but without a speck on his character, remained nine months on half-pay. But as he determined to make use of his spare time in mastering the French—a feat which he afterwards accomplished without a grammar—he resolved to go to France with his friend Captain James Macnamara for that purpose. There are some very Nelsonian sentences in his correspondence while in the land of the Mounseers. His contempt for epaulettes—which were not introduced into the English Navy till 1795—is very amusing; and he little thought, that in one of the dandified officers he despised so much he should find one of his most distinguished comrades, the gallant Sir Alexander Ball:—

To WILLIAM LOCKER, Esq. "St Omer, Nov. 2, 1783.

"My dear sir—Our travels, since we left you, have been extended to a much greater length than I apprehended; but I must do Captain Mac the justice to say it was all my doings, and in a great measure against his advice; but experience bought is the best: and all mine I have paid pretty dearly for. We dined at Canterbury the day we parted from you, and called at Captain Sandy's house, but he was just gone out to dinner in the country, therefore we did not see him. We slept at Dover, and next morning at seven o'clock put to sea with a fine north-west wind, and at half-past ten we were safe at breakfast in Monsieur Grandiere's house at Calais. His mother kept it when Hogarth wrote his *Gate of Calais*. Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* is the best description I can give of our tour. Mac advised me to go first to St. Omer, as he had experienced the difficulty of attempting to fix in any place where there are no English; after dinner we set off, intended for Montreuil, sixty miles from Calais; they told us we travelled *en poste*, but I am sure we did not get on more than four miles an hour. I was highly diverted with looking what a curious figure the postilions in their jack-boots, and their rats of horses, made together. Their chaises have no springs, and the roads generally paved like London streets; therefore you will naturally suppose we were pretty well shook together by the time we had travelled two posts and a half, which is fifteen miles, to Marquise. Here we were shown into an inn—they called it, I should have called it a pig-stye: we were shown into a room with two straw beds, and with great difficulty they mustered up clean sheets; and gave us two pigeons for supper, upon a dirty cloth, and wooden-handled knives. Oh, what a transition from happy England!

"But we laughed at the repast, and went to bed with the determination that nothing should ruffle our tempers. Having slept very well, we set off at daylight for Boulogne, where we breakfasted. This place was full of English; I suppose because wine is so very cheap. We went on after breakfast for Montreuil, and passed through the finest corn country that my eyes ever beheld, diversified with fine woods, sometimes for miles together, through noble forests. The roads mostly were planted with trees, which made as fine an avenue as to any gentleman's country-seat. Montreuil is thirty miles from Boulogne, situated upon a small hill, in the middle of a fine plain, which reached as far as the eye could carry you, except towards the sea, which is about twelve miles from

it. We put up at the same house, and with the same jolly landlord that recommended Le Fleur to Sterne. Here we wished much to be fixed; but neither good lodgings or masters could be had here—for there are no middling class of people. Sixty noblemen's families lived in the town, who owned the vast plain round it, and the rest very poor indeed. This is the finest country for game that ever was; partridges twopence-half-penny a couple, pheasants and woodcocks in proportion; and in short, every species of poultry. We dined, supped, lay, and breakfasted next day, Saturday; then we proceeded on our tour, leaving Montreuil, you will suppose, with great regret.

"We reached Abbeville at eight o'clock; but, unluckily for us, two Englishmen, one of whom called himself Lord Kingsland—I can hardly suppose it to be him—and a Mr. Bullock, decamped at three o'clock that afternoon in debt to every shopkeeper in the place. These gentlemen kept elegant houses, horses, &c. We found the town in an uproar; and as no masters could be had at this place that could speak a word of English, and that all masters that could speak English grammatically attend at the places that are frequented by the English, which is, St Omer, Lisle, Dunkirk, and Boulogne, to the northward of Paris, and as I had no intention of travelling to the south of France till the spring, at any rate, I determined, with Mac's advice, to steer for St Omer, where we arrived last Tuesday; and I own I was surprised to find, that instead of a dirty, nasty town, which I had always heard it represented, to find a large city, well paved, good streets, and well lighted.

"We lodge in a pleasant French family, and have our dinners sent from a *traiteur's*. There are two very agreeable young ladies, daughters, who honour us with their company pretty often. One always makes our breakfast, and the other our tea, and play a game at cards in the evening. Therefore I must learn French, if 'tis only for the pleasure of talking to them; for they do not speak a word of English. Here are a great number of English in this place; but we visit only two families; for, if I did, I should never speak French. Two noble captains are here—Ball and Shepard. You do not know, I believe, either of them. They wear fine epaulettes, for which I think them great coxcombs. They have not visited me; and I shall not, be assured, court their acquaintance. You must be heartily tired of this long epistle, if you can read it; but I have the worst pen in the world, and I can't mend it. God bless you; and, be assured, I am your sincere friend, and affectionate humble servant,

"HORATIO NELSON."

In another letter from St Omer, he returns to the charge against Dandy Ball and Shepard:—

"Here are two navy captains, Ball and Shepard, at this place; but we do not visit. They are very fine gentlemen, with epaulettes. You may suppose, I hold them a little *cheap* for putting on any part of a Frenchman's uniform."

In March of this year, (1784,) he was appointed to the Boreas frigate of twenty-eight guns; and had the honour (not very highly valued) of carrying out Lady Hughes, the wife of the admiral on the Leeward Island station, and a number of other people, who did not add much to the efficiency of a man-of-war.

It was on this occasion he met Mrs. Nisbet, and fell in love. His letters, however, are not entirely composed of sighs and lightning; and it gives a high idea of the lady's sense to perceive the calm, yet real, affection she inspired. We shall only quote one of his letters to his lady-love, to show the style of them all, and also to show his feelings towards Prince William Henry, (King William IV.,) who was at this time under his command as captain of the Pegasus.

"Off Antigua, Dec. 12, 1786.

"Our young prince is a gallant man; he is indeed volatile, but always with great good-nature. There were two bells during his stay, and some of the old ladies were mortified that H. R. H. would not dance with them; but he says he is determined to enjoy the privilege of all other men, that of asking any lady he pleases.

"Wednesday.—We arrived here this morning at daylight. His Royal Highness dined with me, and, of course, the governor. I can tell you a piece of news, which is, that the prince is fully determined, and has made me promise him, that he shall be at our wedding; and he says he will give you to me. His Royal Highness has not yet been in a private house to visit, and is determined never to do it except in this instance. You know I will ever strive to bear such a character as may render it no discredit to any man to take notice of me. There is no action in my whole life but what is honourable; and I am the more happy at this time on that account; for I would, if possible, or in my power, have no man near the prince who can have the smallest impeachment as to character; for as an individual, I love him; as a prince, I honour and revere him. My telling you this history is as to myself; my thoughts on all subjects are open to you. We shall certainly go to Barbadoes from this island, and when I shall see you is not possible for me to guess; so much for marrying a sailor. We are often separated, but I trust our affections are not by any means on that account diminished. Our country has the first demand for our services; and private convenience or happiness must ever give way to the public good. Give my love to Josiah. Heaven bless and return you safe to your most affectionate

"HORATIO NELSON."

The attachment here professed for the prince seems to have been caused not less by the loyalty of Nelson's nature than by the real good qualities of the sailor king. It is probable he tried to form himself (professionally) on the model of his young commodore, and a better original it was impossible for him to study. A certain young lieutenant, of the name of Schomberg, conceiving that he was injuriously treated in an order of the day, issued by his Royal Highness on board the Pegasus, applied to Nelson for a court-martial to enquire into the charge alleged against him. Nelson granted the court-martial, and placed the complainant in arrest till a sufficient number could be collected for his trial, and expressed his opinion of such frivolous applications in the following general order:—

"By Horatio Nelson, Esquire, Captain of his Majesty's ship Boreas,

"For the better maintaining discipline and good government in the king's squadron under my command.

"I think it necessary to inform the officers, that if any one of them shall presume to write to the commander of the squadron (unless there shall be ships enough present to bring them to immediate trial) for a court martial to investigate their conduct, on a frivolous pretence, thereby depriving his majesty of their services by obliging the commander of the squadron to confine them, that I shall and do consider such conduct as a direct breach of the 14th and part of the 19th articles of war, and shall order them to be tried for the same.

"Given under my hand, &c. "HORATIO NELSON."

This probably had the desired effect, and the business was afterwards adjusted without having recourse to a court martial, though not without bringing upon Nelson a rap over the knuckles on his return to England. In order to obtain the proper court, he had directed the prince to take his ship to the Jama-

ica station on his way to Halifax in Nova Scotia, and the following paragraph contains their lordships' decision:—

"My lords are not satisfied with the reasons you have given for altering the destination of the Pegasus, and for sending the Rattler sloop to Jamaica; and that, for having taken upon you to send the latter away from the station to which their Lordships had appointed her, you will be answerable for the consequence, if the crown should be put to any needless expense upon that account."

We must close this account of the frivolous court martial with an admirable letter from Nelson to the prince.

"Portsmouth, 27th July, 1787.

"If to be truly great is to be truly good, (as we are taught to believe,) it never was stronger verified than in your Royal Highness in the instance of Mr. Schomberg. You have supported your character, yet, at the same time, by an amiable condescension, have saved an officer from appearing before a court martial, which ever must hurt him. Resentment, I know, your Royal Highness never had, or, I am sure, ever will bear any one. It is a passion incompatible with the character of a man of honor. Schomberg was too hasty, certainly, in writing his letter; but now you are parted, pardon me, my prince, when I presume to recommend that Schomberg may stand in your royal favour as if he had never sailed with you; and that, at some future day, you will serve him. There only wants this to place your character in the highest point of view.—None of us are without failings. Schomberg's was being rather too hasty; but that, put in competition with his being a good officer, will not, I am bold to say, be taken in the scale against him."

There is one very characteristic circumstance in this collection, namely, the number of letters written by Nelson in recommendation of all who have behaved well under his command. He was desirous of acting to others as, he boasts in one of his letters with pride and exultation, he had been treated by Lord Howe. "You ask, by what interest did I get a ship? I answer, having served with credit, was my recommendation to Lord Howe, first lord of the admiralty."

The Boreas was paid off in December 1787, and he was only appointed to the Agamemnon in January 1793.

The four years of peace passed happily away, principally at Burnham with his father; and there is little to quote till we find him on his own element again.

War with France was declared on the 11th of February 1793, and on the 7th of January, Nelson writes as follows:—

TO MRS. NELSON.

"*Post nubila phæbus*. After clouds comes sunshine. The Admiralty so smile on me, that really I am as much surprised as when they frowned. Lord Chatham yesterday made many apologies for not having given me a ship before this time, and said, that if I chose to take a sixty four to begin with, I should be appointed to one as soon as she was ready, and whenever it was in his power, I should be removed into a seventy four. Every thing indicated war. One of our ships looking into Brest, has been fired into; the shot is now at the Admiralty. You will send my father this news, which I am sure will please him. Love to Josiah, and believe me, your most affectionate

"HORATIO NELSON."

The appointment of Nelson to the Agamemnon, a name which he did nearly as much to immortalize as Homer, is the great epoch of his professional life.—But though his letters, which now rise to the rank of despatches, become more interesting to those who watch his progress as an officer, there are comparatively fewer which let us into the character of the man. Besides this, the incidents of his career after this time are so well known, that little new can be expected. What novelty, however, there was to be obtained has not escaped the research of the editor, from whom (till we meet him in another volume, when Nelson will again become interesting in his individual capacity, as his secret and confidential letters in the Caraccioli and Lady Hamilton's period, come to be laid before us) we part with feelings of gratitude and respect.

THE NEVILLES OF GARRESTOWN—A TALE OF 1760.

BY HARRY LORREQUER, AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—REVELATIONS AT GARRESTOWN.

Garret Neville had suffered severely; but he was a man in whom a strong will prevailed over bodily weakness, and he was able to ride home to his house, where he was accompanied by Sir Thomas Brasier and the military party. The prisoners were lodged in a place of security, and the soldiers provided with the means of making themselves comfortable, in ample, if not the most commodious, offices. Another man in Neville's circumstances, who had suffered like him, would have claimed the privilege of an invalid, and sought the assistance of a physician. Such was not the custom of Garrestown. The virtues and vices of its proprietors were of a masculine character, and the habits of its present master had such an influence over him, that he would suffer more from enduring the restraint, and (what he would account) the effeminacy, of a sick room, than he was likely to benefit from its repose.

The dining hall of Garrestown, in which he entertained his company, if it were not embellished by the refinements of modern luxury, had an air and aspect sufficiently dignified and imposing. It was a spacious and lofty apartment, wainscotted with dark oak, which contrasted well with the crimson damask curtains, and with the profuse display of gold and silver plate, arranged in beaufets in a manner well calculated to exhibit with good effect the massive forms and elaborate chasing of the various articles. The walls were hung round with portraits, some not destitute of pretension as works of art, all valuable as family memorials; the antique frames of some bearing coronets, to attest the instances in which the Neville race were connected with the peerage by alliance or blood—and some representing the bodily presence of Nevilles on whom no title which monarch could give had the power to confer additional honour. At one extremity of the apartment was erected a marble chimney piece of towering altitude, reciting in the various arms and quarters with which it was decorated, a heraldic history of the Neville race, and beneath the protection of this allegorical pile, an ample hearth was opened, and logs of wood heaped largely together, were blazing cheerfully. In the neighbourhood of this social provision, and extending somewhat beyond the limits of the long tables, was a Turkey carpet of crimson ground, at either extremity of which the flooring of dark polished oak was extensively visible. The curtains drooped their heavy folds in voluminous masses to the floor, and the drapery was, all round the apartment, suspended over lances, not such as an upholsterer would furnish, but real instruments of death—remembrances of well-fought fields, where Nevilles had borne themselves not ingloriously. This was a fantasy of Garret Neville's father, who often took occasion to be reminded by the bright

gleaming of their highly polished heads, of days and fields where their occupation was less peaceful than the service they rendered now. It was a foible, perhaps, but both his sons, even the present proprietor, respected it.

The supper table had been deserted by most of its guests—some of the country gentry returning to their homes, and the military officer in command thinking it a matter of prudence to visit his party. The three persons who seemed to hold it as a duty not to forsake the board, were Sir Thomas Brasier, the host, Mr. Neville, and his convenient friend or relative, Miles.

Yet although they lingered in the banquet hall, there was little that beseeemed a banquet in their countenances or manner. They sat at a small table placed before the ample hearth, and lighted by the blaze of massive pieces of ash, which threw a warm and cheerful gleam over the party and their immediate neighbourhood, on the supper table, which stood apart, retaining still relics of the recent feast, and on the dark oak wainscoting of the ample hall, and the portraits, its most valued ornaments.

The circumstances were calculated to minister much to the cheerfulness of a social party, and yet the trio were not cheerful. The two persons of consequence wore the air of men who had been frustrated in some design of moment, and the third individual, Miles, however rude and unimaginative he may have been, had learned the lesson which the dullest of his class have sense enough to acquire, that when his superiors are depressed, the dependent, unless he has wit and skill enough to amuse them, must not dare to seem gay.

"We have made a bad night's work of it, Neville," said Brasier, "there is only one compensation—we may place some reliance on that informer. But to be within a few paces of the incendiary we have been so long tracking out, and to fail when he was actually in our hands—it was a misfortune."

Neville was silent, and the satellite, Miles, interposed with some commonplace observation. It did not satisfy the baronet, who seemed resolved that his host should not converse by deputy.

"Do you agree in that opinion, Neville?" said he.

Neville started from a momentary abstraction to ask—

"What opinion?"

"That men who plot treason have sometimes fortunate escapes. I think that was the substance of your observation, Mr. Miles—was it not?"

Before Miles could answer, his superior interposed, and said—

"Let us not employ the time in disputing or discussing the aphorism; but pray excuse me for a moment's absence of mind. My head was just now throbbing so, that I could hardly hear your words."

Neville's appearance might have disarmed an anger more unpardoning than his guest experienced. He had changed his dress, and removed all stains of blood and appearance of disorder; but he had suffered much, was manifestly feeble, and the black patch with which the wound on his forehead was covered, made the extreme paleness of his face more conspicuous: one of timid character would be apt to style it alarming. He did not seem, however, to feel alarm for himself, at least none was discernible in his behaviour.

"Fill your glass, Sir Thomas," said he, "and pardon me if I avail myself of rather a strong potation. The Ratifa, Miles—fill—no, not that—the large glass."

Miles obeyed; his patron dashed off the brimming goblet, and although its contents were of very great strength, laid down the cup with composure, and exhibited no symptom whatever of being overcome or disturbed.

"Repeat to Sir Thomas the story you told me; the report that I was about to leave Garretstown."

"One of the parties," said Miles, "I pinked for his pains; picked a quarrel with him at the ball, and took some blood from his right arm. Another chatterer, Buck Farrell—"

"He, too, escaped us to-night," said Brasier; "I saw him in the abbey; but I was not sorry the poor devil took himself off. He means to rid the country of his presence they say. For my part, I never will prevent such emigrations: let them give what crabbed name they please to the matter, and so make it an offence. I will never have any other feeling towards the enemy that joins his friends abroad, rather than execute their treasons here at home, than the feeling that the fellow ought to be encouraged. *Bon voyage* to the Buck; but what is this report, sir,"—turning to Miles—"which you accuse them of spreading?"

"They say, Sir Thomas, that Mr. Neville is about to give up this place, and if he cannot get a tenant, to leave it to the ghosts that haunt it; that's what the black-mouthed rascals dare to say."

"Do you hear that, Brasier?" said Neville.

"I do; but not for the first time: the thing is talked of as generally as any other folly."

Neville paused a moment, leaned back in his chair, shading his face with his hand. After a short pause, he raised his head, and looking his guest steadily in the face—

"Sir Thomas Brasier," said he, "do you believe in such things?"

"No, truly; the man must have a very capacious swallow who can take in Irish rumours; where would be one's peace of mind with such contradictions warring in him?"

"You do not understand me," said Neville; "I do not ask you to believe in rumours; but if you have faith in ghosts, in apparitions of dead men."

Brasier stared at his host in silence, as if he would explore his thoughts. The first expression of his countenance was inquiry, surprise succeeded, and finally the impassive character habitual to his countenance was resumed.

"I had a nurse, I remember," said he, "who had an assortment of ghost stories."

"Sir Thomas," said Neville, manning himself, as it were, to go through a difficult duty; "there are stories to be told that some of us would jest at—and they are true," added he, in a voice sunk almost to a whisper—"yes, sir, they are true. This house could tell some; you would mock at them; and though I was never held for credulous or simple, they have almost drained reason and life from me."

"Permit me, Neville, to ring. He wants rest," said Brasier to Miles. "He has been much over-wrought to day; a good sleep will restore him."

"I am not so likely as you think, Brasier, to sleep. If you are weary, do not let me detain you; but I should wish to speak to you, if you are not indisposed to hear. I may never feel the same inclination again."

"I have no wish to retire," said Brasier; "my concern was altogether on your account."

"It was misplaced; don't go Miles, what I have to say may be spoken before you—you can confirm it; heap on some logs—let us have more Burgundy."

The little pause while these orders were in process of execution, was a relief to Neville, although it was evident there was a feverish restlessness about him which could not be appeased, until his disclosure, whatever it was to be, was made. When the fire blazed up, and glasses were replenished from the fresh bottle, he said—

"Sir Thomas Brasier, I am about to leave this house. Real or unreal, there are things in it that I cannot live with. They may be illusions, they may be deceptions—they are worse than death to me. If they are the works of an enemy, in this world, or," said he, sinking his voice, "in another, what can be more dreadful than to have your foe at your side, making your home a hell, and for twelve years of affliction to fail in every effort to seize upon him? Oh, for one moment's conflict with the tormentor, if he be human. Some brandy, Miles; you don't forget that night, when I came to rouse you out of sleep."

"And wide awake you found me. I remember the night well. It left its mark upon me."

"I believe, Brasier, you are aware of the unhappy estrangement I lived in for many years from all my family. I was a school-boy when I first left my father's house, and I never after slept under its roof, except with the feelings of a stranger-guest, until it was my own. I remind you of this to convince you that there was no such feeling of tenderness in my heart, as would dispose me to act the visionary. I took possession of the property, because it was my right to do so, and when the heir, my brother's child, was recovered, I arranged to ensure his rights, without any pain or trouble in the thought that I was to be myself a loser. So much for my dispositions."

"They were applauded through the whole country," said Brasier. "I remember often hearing of the frankness and grace of your surrender, and the loyalty with which you enacted viceroy over the young heir."

"Well, let that pass; you attended at my poor brother's funeral—you remember it. It was natural that I should feel; whatever differences and dissensions there had been between my brother and me, I considered as now buried in his premature grave. It was impossible not to feel a natural sorrow; but there was nothing to subdue or weaken me. Shortly after this, the boy, Edward Marmaduke Neville, was found, and I can assure you there was nothing in my feelings on the occasion that was not perfectly sober—the very opposite of what might be termed romantic. The boy was taken ill; and feeling that for my own sake as well as his, he should have all attainable advantages, I arranged that Dr. Agar should give his whole time to this one case, and take up his residence, while it was pending, in this house. A bed was prepared for him as you remember, Miles, in your room, the next, Sir Thomas, to the child's apartment. You know, I believe, the geography of the south gallery: I occupied the blue room; it communicates with the room where my nephew lay sick, and this again opens on that of Miles. You have the locale now before you."

"At the time I speak of, I was more temperate than I am now. I seldom drank much after supper, and was, indeed, in general as competent to do any business at midnight, as I am now at mid-day."

"On the night I am about to speak of, I was perfectly sober. The boy's illness had become alarming. Agar had been in constant attendance on him for two successive nights and days. I, too, had my share of watching; and yet although I lay down in bed, I could not take rest. The door was partly open between my apartment and my nephew's, and I could hear his heavy breathing. A glimmering of light came through the open door, enough just to prevent the darkness at that side of the room from being total. At the other side of my bed a taper was burning, but its power was too faint to extend far, and beyond the little space in which it was felt, it seemed to make the shadow darker. All these particulars are before my mind now, and I am precise in describing them to show you that I was calm, and capable of observing."

"The reflection of the taper in a mirror drew my attention, and I was tasking myself to discover how I could possibly distinguish between the appearance and the reality. I knew what I saw was a glass, reflecting a weak light. But what I seemed to look into was a chamber, shewn dimly by the solitary taper, and extending to a depth that shadows covered. I was musing on this spectacle, and wondering that, the more steadfast my look, the more did appearances cheat me into a kind of false belief that they were real—making me forget the existence of a mirror, and feel as if an apartment were opened before me—As my eye became accustomed to the dimness of the seeming chamber, a portrait became visible. Then I ceased speculating. To procure that portrait and place it where it hung had been the last fancy or folly of my better days. Even now, I am not old enough to be proof against it. I could not turn away nor close my eyes. It is a dreadful thing, Brasier, to have the past called back again, and to find in yourself neither power nor will to escape from it. You may think as you will, but I know there will be a judgment. What more punishment need be inflicted on any wretch, than to make him live among recollections that are torture to him. If we are plagued with such remembrances now, who can convince me that we may not be cursed with them in a state, hereafter, where they never will give us a moment's remission. But I did not intend to make you yawn over my moralizing. I come to the point. Pass the bottle, Miles. While I gazed on that picture, it seemed to disappear from me, and a countenance and form I could not look upon, without horror, usurped its place."

He paused, after having pronounced the last words faintly, as if his voice failed in the utterance of them. Sir Thomas Brasier said—

"This is all natural, Neville. I'll send you over my copy of Hobbes to-morrow, marked where he explains the apparition of Caesar to Brutus in his tent. You'll find it applicable to this night-mare of yours."

A sickly smile passed over Neville's face. "No, Brasier," said he, "Hobbes has no cure or comfort for me. Such apparitions must have sleep to precede them."

"And you really insist that you were not asleep?"

"Asleep!—gazing on her picture? I lost her when her loss was worse than death. I lost myself," added he, in an under tone, "in the effort to win her. Asleep? They say men have slept on the rack. I could not sleep—I felt as if I were before her open sepulchre, and looking upon her within it. But mark, dreadful as this was, the form that took her place, or came between me and her, was more terrible still. There was something in the vision, that separated it at once from all idle fancies, and made me know that it was real. Too well, too well, I felt and knew it was one from the dead." For a moment he was silent: at length he resumed—"I confess my heart beat loud. I felt the bed shake under my trembling limbs. Shame, at being so overcome, roused me. I sprang up. I rushed into the chamber where I saw the figure disappearing. As I reached the door, I beheld it—beheld it bending over the sleeping boy—the nurse sleeping more tranquilly at his side. I saw all—the old woman in her chair, the boy's wan face on the pillow, the figure bending above him. Dim as the room was, I saw all as plainly as I see you; but, as if communication between my will and bodily members was wholly interrupted, as it sometimes happens in a hideous dream, I had no more power to move from the spot where I stood, than the marble table I leaned on for support."

Neville paused, filled a goblet with wine, and as he motioned to his guests to imitate him, assured Brasier that he had stated the simple truth.

"I see no reason to doubt your narrative," said Sir Thomas. "Had there been any thing of the marvellous amounting to impossibility, a dream would account for it. So far as you have gone, I see no necessity for surmising that Queen Mab had been with you."

"But mark what follows. The figure rose from its stooping posture, turned upon me a countenance of sorrow and anger, spoke to me, and passed through the opposite door. Then I recovered power to move. I swear to you, if I know myself, it was not a base fear that disabled me. I entered the room where Miles and Dr. Agar slept: through it the figure had passed. I saw no trace that it had been there, except the paleness and terror of Miles. The doctor's sleep was unbroken, but as for you Miles, I never saw a human being such an image of terror."

"I admit it," said Miles. "A noise in the sick room wakened me, and as I was about to enter it I saw him—his terrible countenance—and heard the very words he spoke—"

"This is no Neville," said he.

"No wonder I should be overcome by such a spectacle."

"What did you say he said?" asked Brasier. "What did you suppose was the meaning of his expression?"

"He mistook the words," said Neville hastily; "in his terror he misconceived them. Indeed, there was nothing remarkable in them. It was looks and tones I was subdued by. But you may believe we did not let such a visitation incapacitate us wholly. We did not let the matter end without investigation. Miles and I, without alarming servant or disturbing guest, searched every part of the house where an intruder might hide or escape. We searched most diligently, although, I confess, without hope of finding. Nor did we find. Since that night, for twelve years, I have never been free from apprehension. Visions and voices, mysterious signals and unaccountable noises, have disturbed me—persecuted me, I may confess, almost to madness. This night," said he, and the muscles of his face quivered, and drops of perspiration gathered on his brow, "this night," he whispered, "I saw the apparition again." He paused—all three were speechless—even Brasier's countenance assumed an expression of surprise and trouble; and, as the sound of the blaze, and of brands crackling in the spacious hearth, grew fearfully loud, in the sudden stillness of that silent hall, and the flame gushed up like jets from a fiery fountain, quivering with a kind of mysterious intelligence, giving a semblance of motion to the pictures of soldiers, and courtiers, and ladies, in their carved and massive frames, and, glancing upon the faces of the three occupants of the chamber, silent as the portraits of the dead, arrested and fixed, as it were, at a moment when life and feeling were most intense, the horror in Neville's face, astonishment and expectation in the wide-opened eyes of Brasier, and the pallor of Miles, showing that fear mingled in his emotion, presented a picture to which language would vainly seek to do justice. At length Brasier asked, with an earnestness he had not previously manifested—

"In the abbey?"

Neville bowed, and after a short pause said—

"Yes, in Athassel Abbey."

A groan from Miles broke the silence that followed.

"You saw him to-night," said he; "but why should I ask?—what else could have so daunted you?"

A gloom, seldom experienced in that old hall when strangers occupied it, seemed now settling upon the little party. The silences were of longer continuance—the expressions which broke upon them less likely to exhilarate; and it seemed a general relief when Pearson entered, and, looking with eyes askant upon the two guests, while addressing his master, craved his attendance at a consultation to be held with the principal groom on the diagnostics of the favourite hunter, Brown Conqueror. In a matter of so much consequence, both guests would willingly have lent assistance; but Neville understood from the servant's manner that the consultation demanded secrecy, and he dissuaded them from accompanying him. The interruption accelerated the time of separation for the night, and in a few moments Neville found himself alone with his confidential servant.

He was now an altered man. The necessity for acting had roused a new spirit within him. The visionary terrors of the past hour withdrew for a season, as the creations of fancy melt and disperse, when a sudden alarm disturbs the reverie of a meditative man, and restores him to a sense of connection with the world he lives in.

The cause of Pearson's intrusion was soon told. Among the prisoners made at Athassel was one who proffered valuable information on condition of obtaining release from captivity. It was information, however, which he would only give to Neville in person. The prisoner was Purcell. He was speedily introduced into the chamber, and having made his bargain duly, detailed his intelligence. By listening at doors, and piecing out his imperfect information by neglected scraps of paper, he had, among other things, arrived at the knowledge that there was a new claimant for the Garretstown estates. It is unnecessary to go through the interview in which this information was communicated in all its details. Neville was satisfied of its importance, and acknowledged the justice of Purcell's claim to be released.

"It is best," said he, "that nothing is said about this. Has there been a list of the prisoners' names made out?"

"No, sir. It is known only that there are twenty-three to be examined in the morning. They are hand-cuffed, and safe enough in the tower."

"Out of such a number," said Neville, speaking to himself, "the evasion of one will be little noticed."

He spoke interrogatively. Pearson seemed to interpret in his own fashion, and said in reply—

"Or if you think it would, sir, nothing is easier than to ram in a fellow in Purcell's place. There's hardly a man in the country that does not deserve to be put in, as well as Mr. Purcell does to be let out. You may be sure there will be no complaint of it."

"No, no," said Neville, "leave things as they are. The soldiers who ought to be on guard, will say little about a missing man. It is the simplest and the easiest arrangement, so let Purcell have some refreshment, and set him free."

"No refreshment," said Purcell, "for me. My freedom I have bought by my tidings. I did not barter them for meat or drink."

Pearson consulted apart with his master, and then conducted Purcell to the gate. As he walked by his side, he did not let the opportunity pass of ensuring his support to his master's cause. It was enough for Purcell that he had it in his power to thwart, and perhaps overpower, one in whose house he had been degraded. To assist Neville was to work out his own vengeance; and, after slight pressure and persuasion from Pearson, he promised to detail his information to Garrett Neville's law-advisers, either in Dublin or in the country, as might eventually be deemed the more advisable.

MAJOR LYNCH'S JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE AMONG THE GHILZIES IN 1839-40.

(Continued.)

July 2nd. His Royal Highness made his first march to-day en route to Cabool, taking with him Captain Nicolson, and leaving me in charge of the Tooran Ghilzies. I may as well here give the extent and general aspect of my newly-acquired government.

The country of the Tooran Ghilzies is bounded to the north by Ressenna Mookhoor and Kurum. To the east by Wazekah and the Tauker mountains, to the south by Marooff Goherce and Juldok, and to the west by the Hazarah mountains and Mezon. They have got for their neighbours on the northern boundary, the Turrakee and Suleman Khile Ghilzies. To the east the Taukers. To the south the Dooranees of the Barukzies Bamazies and Alikoozie tribes. And the mixed population of Mezon and the Huzzarehs on the western boundary. Their country is in extent from east to west about one hundred miles and from north to south its breadth is seventy miles.

The Parapomison range passes through the country of the Tooran Ghilzies, and separates the valley of Argundab from that of the Turnuck, its lofty limestone peaks and a number of capacious caves for which this formation is so remarkable, forms almost inaccessible abodes and safe retreats for the marauding Tokhy tribe of Tollabzies. The remarkable range of Koh-i-Surkh or Surkh-Ghur forms as far as Kelat-i-Ghilzie the eastern boundary of the valley of the Turnuck and so far runs about parallel to that of the Parapomison, here it turns off a little to the east of South, and throws out a number of small ranges which divide the country into extensive valleys, some exceedingly fertile, but in general uncultivated and only made use of by the Nasurrees as grazing lands for their camels during the summer months. The rivers of this country are the Argundab, Turauk, Lora, Tete and Surkh-aub.

The Argundab river after leaving the Hazarah country, runs through that of the Tokhy tribes of Tollabzie, Khan Khile and Peroozie, and takes leave of the Ghilzie country as it runs into Mezon. The Turnuck river rises at Mookhoor and running through the beautiful and extensive valley which takes its name from it, flows away in a great measure neglected by the Tokhies; and its waters are only justly appreciated as it approaches the lands of the Dooranees at Juldok, where they are led away in large canals for the purpose of irrigation. The Affghans who attach so much consequence to the water they drink, affirm that the water of the Turnuck is the finest and most wholesome in Affghanistan. And they state in proof of this assertion that Ahmed Shah used to have its waters carried for his own private use to India. The small stream of Lora rises near the extensive sheet of water called Auhstada, and running through Nawa and Murgah, the country of the Hotuk tribe of Ishaukzies, joins the Argusson at the fort of Noor Mahomed Khan Populzie. The small stream called Tete, rises at Wazekah in the country of the Suliman Kile, and running through the lands of the Hotuk tribe of Rumezie joins the Surkh-aub. This small river again rises at Mundan in the country of the Toky tribe Shumulzie and in conjunction with the Tete, takes a southerly direction and joins the Argusson at Marooff.

July 7th. After the prince had marched yesterday, Kooker Khan, another of Sultan Mahomed's brothers, and considered the champion of his family, arrived at his camp, and was immediately presented to His Royal Highness. He is a very fine young man and now proceeds to court to be presented to his Majesty. He appears a wild thoughtless youth and will require to be taken great care of; for should he run away from the prince's camp, his arrival in this country under such circumstances, might have a very bad effect on our plans for bringing it into a healthy state of good government, but Captain Nicolson understands this, and will do all he can to prevent such an occurrence.

8th. Mahomed Tabeen Khan, the younger brother of Sultan Mahomed came to me. I gave him employment in the shape of superintendent of post office arrangements between Makoor and Kelat-i-Ghilzie, which gave him 100 rupees a month (£10). I have now seen and conciliated the whole family except the Sultan himself, and must endeavour by some means to have a meeting with him. I have opened a correspondence however, and hope soon to have the pleasure of assuring him that he will be perfectly safe in my camp.

An express passed through this evening from the political agent at Candahar, reporting the result of a night attack made by the Kaukers on our troops at Quettah. It appears that they were expected by our people, and the guns and troops were ready to receive them. The night was dark but their yelling indicated their numbers and the direction from which they were advancing, and on getting within distance the guns and infantry opened on them with great effect. They were ultimately driven off leaving about one hundred men on the field. Notwithstanding this success, it would appear that affairs are not by any means so favourable as we might wish in the Shawle and Ballooch districts. In the latter country, Nusseer Khan the son of the late chief of Kellat, Mohrab Khan, is doing all he can to excite the people to rebellion, and I have little doubt but he will succeed in giving us much trouble, and ultimately upset the government, of his rival Sha Nawaz who is by no means popular in his tribe. And if what I hear of his character be correct, is something like the individual who has lately been deposed in this country, Summed Khan. In the meantime I must lose no opportunity of making friends of my Tokhy mountaineers, and the surest way of doing this is I apprehend, by giving them employment and pay, with this view I am now organizing a number of Ghilzie Horse.

10th. Mustered one hundred men and horses for the Tokhy horse, to be commanded by Mahomed Afzel Khan. I don't remember ever having seen a finer set of men, their horses are miserable looking animals, but the Khan informs me that for work and long journeys no horses can excel them. At all events they will do to protect the road between Cabool and Candahar. Indeed I am following up the old system of sending a rogue to catch a rogue, for the Khan informs me that every one of them has distinguished himself in plundering the caravans which pass through their country.

Meer Allum Khan, chief of the Hotuks, who was sent to look after his tribe on the departure of his Royal Highness, writes to me to say, that he met with a most flattering reception on his arrival from all his minor chiefs, and that they are all pleased with the manner in which we have arranged matters in their country. He also reports that Abdulrehman Khan, the elder brother of Sultan Mahomed, who fled from this country to the Sikk district of Kahat with other members of his family, had been sent for by the Sikk government and directed to make their appearance at Lahore. He states that some people believe the object of the Sikk government is to make them useful in exciting rebellion again in this country, others that they are to be given up to us; if the latter be the case, and they are sent back to this country, it will doubtless have a desirable effect on my efforts to conciliate. Sultan Mahomed wrote to the envoy on the subject. This day's work closed with sending off a number of news-gatherers in every direction.

12th. Wuloo Khan Shumurzie, he who was some time ago seized by Captain Nicolson on entering his tent and placed in chains, came to me. He appears very much annoyed at the treatment he has received from us, and I must say his affair was a very unfortunate one. I have before mentioned in another part of my journal, that he headed the cavalry portion of the rebel force in the battle of Tazee, and our officers bear testimony to the gallant manner in which he charged up to the bayonets; he however was always driven off with loss. He had joined in the rebellion most reluctantly and immediately after the dispersal of the rebels he sent in word to the officer, commanding our troops to the effect, that if he were pardoned and promised protection, he would come into the British camp. This having been granted by the officer, he made his appearance, and was sent in to the Prince Governor of Candahar, who having heard of his bravery on several occasions was anxious to conciliate him. He accordingly gave him a dress of honour and some money, and after a time sent him back to his own country. After visiting his family he again ventured into the British camp, and was forwarded on to Captain Nicolson who on his arrival as before stated, seized and placed him in chains, he protested against this conduct, stating that he had been pardoned by the prince, whose dress of honour he wore at the time, and that his safety had been guaranteed to him by the political agent at Candahar. He was asked to produce any document which would show such to be the case, but unfortunately he had it not with him, having foolishly, he said, left it in his fort. On its being reported to the envoy some few days previous to the arrival of Wuloo in our camp, that a rumour was about that Wuloo Khan had come in and been pardoned by the prince and British authorities at Candahar, he wrote in reply that Wuloo Khan was the murderer of his messenger Mordon Khan; that he disapproved altogether of his receiving a pardon; and that if possible on apprehension he ought to be hanged; and under these circumstances was the unfortunate chieftain placed in chains, and had a narrow escape of being forthwith executed. But whilst there was a chance of his having been granted protection by a British officer, I advised that his execution should be postponed. He was however sent under a strong escort to be confined in Ghuznee, where I must leave him at present and proceed to relate the circumstances under which he became suspected for the murder of the envoy's messenger.

Shortly after the successful march of the army to Cabool, one of the envoy's messengers by name Murdon Khan Koukir, when on his journey through the Ghilzie country, was attacked by a party of marauding Ghilzies and murdered. The party was commanded or headed by a man of the name of Wuloo Khan of the tribe of Tullabzie. Murdon Khan's servant on seeing his master murdered threw himself into a hole and escaped. On reaching Candahar he swore that his master had been murdered by a party headed by a man named Wuloo Khan and no other chief of this name being known to the envoy, but Wuloo Khan of the tribe of Shummulzie, he was immediately pronounced to be the murderer, and it was not until Wuloo had narrowly escaped execution, and suffered a month's imprisonment in the citadel of Ghuznee, that the British ambassador at Cabool found out the real murderer of the messenger, when of course Wuloo was liberated and sent to me to be conciliated. He is now pleased to believe that I have been instrumental in saving his life; I spoke to him about the folly of visiting a British camp after having been so recently in rebellion against the government, without some document guaranteeing to him pardon and protection; and having congratulated him on his narrow escape, and using every argument I possibly could to remove any bad feeling that might still lurk in his mind, I gave him a present and an order to receive charge of his tribe, and also an explanatory letter to the effect, that his apprehension was an unfortunate mistake and that he was now entitled to all the influence and rights in the tribe, which his family had always possessed in it. This letter pleased him not a little and he took his leave.

13th—Afzul Khan and some of his followers came to me to-day in a state of great excitement, and complained most bitterly of the treatment some of the villagers had received from our camp-followers. On enquiry, I find that both parties are in fault; but these collisions are decidedly bad, and I am quite convinced that Afghans and Hindostanees will never get on well together; and under this impression I hope soon to be able to recommend the withdrawal of the troops altogether from the Ghilzie country. This however, cannot be done till I have an interview with Sultan Mahomed Khan. A messenger from Shebaz, the cripple who made himself useful in bringing the brothers of the sultan, with a letter and a quantity of mountain flowers, arrived, and reports most favourably on affairs in the Argundab district. Meer Allum Khan, the Hotuck chief, also arrived in camp, and brings favourable accounts from his part of the country. So that I have every reason to be satisfied with the present prospect of things.

16th—Every day brings me fresh complaints from the villagers against our camp-followers. Indeed, the people in this neighborhood have no corn or forage to spare, and I have suggested a change of ground to the officer commanding the troops, to a place called Tafferee, about five miles off, on the right bank of the Turnuck.

17th—Rode to Tafferee with Captain Woodburn, the officer commanding the troops, who approved of the spot I pointed out to him, which is a naturally strong position, immediately on the bank of the river Turnuck, with capital foraging ground all about it. During the day, Shabaz came in with a very satisfactory letter from Sultan Mahomed Khan, who expresses great satisfaction at the manner in which things are being arranged; and mentions a hope that he will soon have the pleasure of seeing me. I wrote him in return a very kind letter.

Gul Mahomed Khan, whom I have before mentioned in another part of my journal, as being the rival of Meer Allum Khan for the chieftainship of the Hotuck tribe, has been, with a view I suppose of showing us that he is still in existence, making a foray on a small tribe of Hotucks. I have, in consequence been obliged to write him to behave himself, and have sent Meer Allum to look after his movements, as also to report to me on the possibility of opening a road which connects Durra Ismael Khan, on the Indus, with this country. This road, as far as I can learn from people who have seen and travel on it, after leaving the plain of the Indus, passes through the district of Duman, over the Suleman range, by a pass called the Gohleriee, having cleared which, it enters the Ghilzie country. The pass, with the country all about it, is inhabited by a fierce inhospitable people, called Wuzzurees, who, wishing their country to be unknown to other tribes, murder on all occasions any small parties they find passing through it. The Lohanees, a very large tribe of Hotuck Ghilzies, who migrate annually to the Indus, with their camels laden with almonds, madder, and skins, assemble to the number of fifteen or twenty thousand in the neighborhood of the pass, and regularly fight thier way through; and in the same way towards spring they again force their passage, and bring their camels laden with the coarse cloths of India for the markets of their own country. These, however, are the only people now who can make their way through the

pass; and I can easily see what a great advantage it would be to this country, if by making friends of the Wuzzuree chiefs, we could manage to insure a safe passage for our merchants from the Indus to this country. Meer Allum promises to use his best endeavors for the accomplishment of such a desirable object. I am also informed that it is not a difficult pass to get through, which makes it the more worthy of consideration as with it open it would obviate in a great measure the necessity which now exists of sending our caravans into the north and south of Afghanistan, through two most difficult passes, the Khiber and Bolan. Wrote to the envoy on the subject.

17th—The troops moved to their new ground, which appears to give satisfaction. I took up my position about a mile from them, close to a fort, in which I placed the hostages.

1st August—Up to this date I have been engaged in organizing the Tokhy horse, a duty of no ordinary difficulty. Every man sets forth his claim for the posts of commissioned and non-commissioned officers, and it is difficult to decide to whom they ought to be given. One man will be recommended by the Khan because he is a dangerous character, having been the most notorious robber in the whole country, and that it would not be wise to displease him, as probably he might return to his old occupation. Another is an influential man in his tribe, and must be conciliated. So that I have had great trouble in pleasing them all; in which, however, I have to a certain degree fortunately succeeded; but beyond keeping them out of harm's way, and escorting caravans and travellers through the country, I never expect any good service from them.

2nd—Wrote a letter to Sultan Mahomed Khan, requesting him to appoint some place at which we might meet and form acquaintance. The troops are suffering from sickness, caused by a very singular notion which has got among them. They believe that on the low bed of the river, which is close to the camp, Afghaan ghosts are seen, and some of them, under this delusion, have come up from the river, gone into hospital, and died in a few hours, all the efforts of the medical man on such occasions proving useless. I have in consequence determined on sending them into Candahar, or at all events away from their present ground; but I do not consider it safe to do so until I have seen Sultan Mahomed Khan, and conciliated him. I have also written this day to Meer Allum Khan to come to me. I have been devoting a good deal of my time and attention to obtain information on the productive industry of this country; but from what has already been said of the wild and warlike character of the Toroon Ghilzies, it is not reasonable to expect a great deal from them under this head.

The Hotucks have a number of almond groves, the fruit of which they collect, and give in exchange to the Nassuree merchants for the coarser cloths of India. On an average, these merchants export three hundred camel loads of this fruit annually, each load weighing sixty four maunds, about four hundred and forty-eight pounds English. Wheat and barley, the common grains of this country, are abundant, but they are rather produced for home consumption than with a view to their being exported. The Turkees and Underee Ghilzies are the principal cultivators in the Tokhy country. They cultivate large quantities of Rodung (madder), which is purchased in the autumn by the Nassuree merchants and taken to India. This valuable plant, the cultivation of which is on the increase, sold last year in the Tokhy country at eight coo rupees per pund, an Afghaan weight of about one hundred and forty pounds English. The Tokhys merely cultivate such a portion of their land as will supply them with a scanty provision of wheat and barley for their families, depending entirely for their clothing on their large flocks of sheep, the fleeces of which they turn into burruk and carpets. Many of them also emigrate with their flocks to the neighborhood of Candahar, and supply the market of that city with a number of very fine sheep, and return in the spring to their country, supplied with the coarse cloths of India, which they use for under garments.

The great dread and dislike these Ghilzies have always had to paying revenue to the Dooraunie kings, and the severe and sanguinary contests which have frequently taken place between the two tribes, when revenue has been sought to be collected by the Dooraunies, and in which the Ghilzies have always been successful, renders it a matter of much difficulty to obtain any idea of the amount of revenue paid by the Toroon Ghilzies to their chief. The aristocratic Hotuck tribes of Ishankzie and Sufferzie pay no revenue whatever; neither do the powerful Tokhy tribes of Mahomedzie and Tullabzie; but the rest of the tribes pay a tithe of their harvest to their chief, who wanders about the country during harvest-home, more like an Irish friar than a chief, and begs rather than demands what is frequently given with a very bad grace. It is also customary on the marriage of a chief to assemble the elders of a tribe, when a collection called busfund (marriage gifts) is made. Such are the very trifling perquisites attending the troublesome office of chief of the tribe.

5th—An express passed through during the night, announcing the fact of the capitulation of Kellat in Balloochistan. The affairs of that part of the country appear to have been badly managed, otherwise this disgrace would never have fallen upon us. A young officer of the name of Loveday, and a few Hindostanee soldiers, are in the hands of the insurgents, who are headed by Nusser Khan, the son of the late chief Mehrab, who was killed with a number of his men by our troops when they took the place last year. It has now been unfortunately lost, and I suppose must be re taken at any cost. I only hope that the news will not get abroad in this country, till I have seen the sultan, who promises to come down from the hills in a day or two, for the purpose of seeing me; but the deposed chief Summed has been spreading a report to the effect that we are only endeavouring to collect all the family of the sultan with himself when it is our intention to seize and have them put to death; and this accomplished, he is again to be placed in the chieftainship of the tribe. All the family now with me, of course, disbelieve this ridiculous report; but the followers of Sultan Mahomed believe it, although he himself may not; and thus I am informed, that they sometimes steal his horse from him, so as to prevent his running away from them to come to me. It would be a great point gained by Summed if he could prevent an interview between the sultan and myself, for he knows so soon as that takes place, his chance of regaining his former position in the tribe is altogether lost.

Afzul Khan complains to me to-day that a Tokhy of some little influence in his tribe is employed by our foraging parties to procure barley and lucerne; that he takes large parties of horse into the distant villages, and calling himself a servant appointed by government to collect provisions for the troops, forces the people to give what he wants, and taking the full value from our people, gives half to the peasants, and telling them at the same time they are exceedingly fortunate in getting any thing at all, pockets the other half himself. Our troops, of course ignorant of his villany, are well pleased with him, and entertain him in the camp. I immediately sent for him, but he was not induced to come till force was used by the commanding officer of the troops. On his being produced, he acknowledged his guilt, and took to himself great credit for

what he had done. He is a notorious villain, by name Siffo, and has been carrying on this game ever since our troops entered the country. He now produces letters of recommendation received from different officers who have passed through the Ghilzie country, *en route* to Cabool, giving him an excellent character, and speaking of him in the highest terms. This man was a confidential servant of the sirdars of Candahar when his majesty on a former occasion endeavoured to regain the sovereignty of this country. On his arrival at Candahar, the sirdars thought the better way of settling affairs would be to assassinate Shah Shoojah; and this being determined on, Siffo was appointed to carry their views into execution, with a promise, if he succeeded, of one lac of rupees (£10,000). Nothing was too bad for Siffo to do, and off he went to the king's camp, and giving out that he had been badly treated by the sirdars and swearing they were the greatest tyrants in existence, promised to do all in his power to destroy them, and in fact he was happy to take service with the Shah. In a short time, so cleverly had he managed his game, that he became the confidential servant of his majesty, and was on the eve of carrying his design into execution when his majesty was made aware of his intention. He was immediately seized, and acknowledged the whole affair. His confession saved his life; but the king, to prevent the possibility of his ever committing murder, ordered his hands to be cut off, which was accordingly done; but, strange to say, he can manage a horse, and does not appear to suffer any great inconvenience from the loss of them. I did not like confining the rogue myself, but told the khan if possible to prevent his annoying the villagers. He promised to take care of him; and on inquiry afterwards, I was informed that he had been laid flat on the ground, and a pile of stones heaped on his back—an Affghaan method of preventing the escape a prisoner.

8th—A man of Sultan Mahomed's brought me a letter from the khan to-day requesting me to come to a place called Khaka, where he would be happy to meet me. It is unfortunately altogether too far (being about twenty miles off) for me to venture from my camp; and I sent Afzul to speak to him, and endeavour to prevail on him to come closer to me: in fact, I appointed to meet him to-morrow at Olan Rabat. During the day Meer Allum Khan arrived, and does not appear to like the idea of my visiting the sultan unaccompanied by an escort; but if I take more than five or six men, he will get alarmed, and the object for which I have been toiling for the last month will fail of accomplishment; and it is a matter of the utmost importance that I conciliate this dangerous character at the present time, for I hear that he still has a great number of followers in the mountains from the tribes of Jullabzie, Pervozie, and Khan Khile, and that the minor chiefs of them wish him to keep aloof from me for a time, saying to him, that the Ballooches have taken Kellat, that Dost Mahomed is no more a prisoner in Bokhara, but coming to fight for his kingdom; and moreover, that the Sikk government are going to assist him with money. By all accounts the sultan is a clever fellow, and doubtless sees that the best policy is to come to terms with us, and I believe intends meeting me to-morrow. Visited the commanding officer and informed him of my intention of venturing on a visit some six miles from the camp, to the neighbourhood of the pass where our troops first were encamped when we entered the country. He appeared rather alarmed at the risk I was running; but seeing me determined, made no objection to give me five or six men to escort me. I requested him, if he heard any firing or confusion in the direction in which I was going, to send a body of cavalry to my assistance, which he promised to do.

9th—Accompanied by Meer Allum Khan, who is at feud with the sultan, and all the Tokhy khans and horse in my camp, rode to the rendezvous, where shortly after my arrival, I was joined by Afzul Khan, who informed me that the sultan was close by, and would be with me immediately. I ordered my servants to purchase twenty sheep, and have them slaughtered for breakfast, and all the cooks in the neighbourhood are obliged to be brought in to assist in preparing a feast for upwards of twenty khans and about three hundred of their followers. After waiting two or three hours anxiously looking for the arrival of the sultan, a cloud of dust in the direction of the pass indicated his approach with a large body of horse. Meer Allum now began to get alarmed, and fixing his dagger firmly in the Cashmere shawl that encircled his waist, repeated the Mahomedan creed—"La Ulla ill Ulla Mahomed Russool Ulla," (there is but one God, and Mahomed is his prophet); and asked, "What could have induced him to bring so many men with him?" I did not, I need scarcely say, partake in the fears of the khan, for I had done nothing to the sultan's family to merit ill-treatment from him; but I placed my double-barrelled pistol in my waist-belt, and my gun, loaded with ball, beside me, and got the five or six Hindostanee horsemen I had brought on sentry round the tent, with orders to admit no one but the khans. When Sultan Mahomed's party came close enough to be observed with the naked eye, the sun shining on their polished steel helmets and chain armour had a very beautiful effect. On their approaching within a few hundred yards of my tent they halted, and I sent Afzul Khan to his brother to welcome him, and bring him to me with a few of his personal friends. His party consisted of about two or three hundred men, well mounted, and almost all of them with helmets and chain armour on. He very soon made his appearance from the crowd by which he was surrounded. On his entering the tent I rose. We embraced each other in the usual Affghaan manner, which it is almost impossible to describe, and must be seen to be understood. After a number of compliments had been exchanged, we sat down on the carpet, and were immediately surrounded by the whole of his iron-bound warriors, who, taking down the sides of the tent, insisted on keeping their chief in sight. All we could do or say to prevail on them to go a short distance had no effect. They gave us excuse that they had never before seen a Farringee (Englishman), and begged to be allowed to remain a short time to observe me. I now interferred, and they remained, to the no small discomfort of my friend Meer Allum Khan, until breakfast was announced.

Sultan Mahomed Khan is an intelligent looking man of about 5 feet 9 inches in height, slightly formed, and of rather a dark complexion for an Affghan. His eyes are exceedingly quick and animated. He however keeps them fixed on the carpet, until he has said something which he expects to produce a striking effect on the person he is addressing. Shortly after his arrival observing that some stiffness prevailed in the assembly, I ordered breakfast to be brought, when all the followers of the Khan went to look after their share of the twenty sheep. Our breakfast consisted of lamb, mutton, and fowls, cooked in a variety of ways suited to the taste of the Affghans, laid on large dishes full of snow-white rice. A quantity of dried fruits, melons and grapes, were also placed on the cloth, and in a very few minutes disappeared and ulhumdulla (the Lord be praised) was pronounced by a fat priest, the spiritual adviser of the Khan. After grace, the ceremony of washing the right hand—for the left is considered unclean, and never used in eating—took place, and the water was first given to the Khan as a mark of respect, and then to me.

The Affghans like their more civilized brethren of the west are far more communicative and agreeable after a good meal, than before it, and no sooner

had the water passed round and the bushy beards of my wild guests been arranged, and other little Asiatic forms gone through than a kind of merriment appeared to pervade the whole party, the language spoken was Affghanee or Pushtoo of which I knew but little, however, on asking my friend Meer Allum, he looked round the assembly, and finding the wish was that I should know what they had been saying, he remarked, "Oh they are only smiling at your innocence and boldness in trusting yourself amongst a body of men, who have been so recently in rebellion." He had scarcely uttered the last word when they all added—"but we like you the better for relying on our honour, and we hope to make such arrangements with you now, as will ensure our fidelity, and make it worth our while to keep true and faithful to the government, and in a short time make a Lord of you." The Sultan was silent all the time, but now raised his head to observe the effect this appeal to my feelings had on me, and remarked that he quite agreed with his friends, and that he never would have excited his tribe to rebellion, had he been civilly treated by our authorities at Cabool, when he passed through that city; he added "I have heard a great deal of you, and thank God we are now friends," and putting his hand into mine, "rely upon it that I shall not be the first to break with you, no person has ever known me to give my hand and word before in this manner to any Farringee (English man) or indeed to any one, and be the first to break that word. I now most solemnly promise to be true and faithful to you and the government of the Shah." Having said this in a most solemn tone of voice, all the party began to pray that what was said, might prove lasting and acceptable to God and the Prophet, and to show their concurrence in this primitive manner of swearing allegiance, they all with the right hand stroked down their long beards. Now began an examination of arms and accoutrements, and a most friendly interchange of jokes and stories of all kinds; the prevailing object of all parties being to impress me with an idea of the consequence each possessed in his tribe. Their dress consisted of a long scarf striped like bed ticking, and generally of a dark blue colour, wound carelessly round the head, forming a very wild-looking turban. A brownish frieze cloak with sleeves tied tight round the waist by a piece of cloth similar to the turban; and a pair of long boots with pointed and turned up toes, made of buckskin, drawn over a loose pair of pantaloons: each chief had a shield tied to his back, and as they sat down the white handle of a scimitar might be seen peeping from under the cloak on the right side, this, and a long knife stuck carelessly in the waist, or in its absence, a pistol, formed their arms. Their men wore regular chain armour, at least the greater number of them.

Having obtained the friendship and confidence of all my wild friends, they thought they could leave the Sultan in my company for a short time, and on his giving them a hint, they all got up and left us alone. I now found that the Khan could speak very fair Persian, and long arguments ensued on the policy pursued in the country; he did not fail to point out on this occasion the deadly hatred that existed between the Ghilzies and Dooranies, and expressed a hope that as now the former had made friends of us, we would support them against the latter tribe; the late rebellion, he observed, was caused by the Dooranies, who on his arrival at court on his return, made a point of slighting him, knowing what he would do to obtain satisfaction, but now said he, "they will be much disappointed and annoyed at our meeting and conciliation, but inshalla (please God) we will continue friends, and in that case neither you nor I need care about their machinations." He now remarked that the peasants were continually complaining to him of the losses they sustained, by being obliged to supply the troops with corn and other necessities; that they were paid for he knew, but really added he, "the armies that have been living all the season in this country, have left nothing to feed the people and their flocks during the winter, and if something is not done, I fear I may probably lose my influence over the refractory tribes who have generally lived by plundering on the road, and naturally you will look to my family for redress. You are now I hope," continued he, "certain of my fidelity, so long as you treat me fairly and well, and this being the case, what use can you have for the troops. Send them to Kellat-i-Ghilzie, or to Candahar, and if the Dooranies rebel, and drive your troops out of the country, you will remain our guests, and if you like we can at any time send you under safe escort to the Indus or India." I was of course very much pleased with this plain straightforward speech of the Khan's, and promised to do all in my power to have the evil of which he complained remedied and the troops removed. After a good deal of conversation, in which I succeeded in completely gaining the confidence of the Khan, his people were again summoned, and I twisted a very handsome cashmere shawl round his head and congratulated him on his good fortune in having given up a wandering and dangerous mode of living, and returned to his allegiance to his lawful king. Now again followed a prayer, the hands of all the wild fellows by whom we were surrounded held out in supplication, and when the prayer was ended, brought gradually in towards the face, and allowed to fall carelessly down, striking the beard as they fell into the lap.

I now began to laugh and joke with some of the more remarkable looking characters seated round me. I remarked to the Khan that I knew something about the Elim e Keafa (physiognomy) and attracted his attention to some of his followers, whom I observed as having a peculiarly wild appearance, for instance, one or two men with eye brows projecting so as to cover almost entirely the socket of the eye, and with unusually large heads. He laughed, and in his own language told the men what I had said of them, this immediately gave rise to a general burst of laughter, and I was informed that the men who had thus attracted my attention were notorious robbers, and they showed evident pleasure when a number of barbarous deeds they had committed, were related to me by the Khan and his minor chiefs; for these barbarians think they do well when they plunder and kill their neighbours the Dooranies and Huzzarebs. They look upon the latter tribe as infidels, and destroy them whenever they find a favourable opportunity. To some of the personal friends of the Khan, and of course those who possessed influence with him, I made small presents, and having succeeded much to my satisfaction in conciliating these wild mountaineers, the meeting broke up, Sultan Mahomed returned to his forts in the mountains, promising to visit me whenever I should wish to see him.

THE BENEFITS OF SNUFF-TAKING.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

Monsieur Aguste Edouard de Gamin was a small, an uncommonly small, man. From the bottom of his very high-heeled boots to the top of his very high-crowned hat he did not measure more than five feet six. But, then, his limbs were well-proportioned, and he had feet of which he was justly proud, and his hands were so white and diminutive that they elicited general admiration. Whenever, therefore, De Gamin placed himself before the mirror and surveyed his entire person reflected therein, a complacent smile would glide over his really handsome features, and stroking his coal-black whiskers, he

12th. Wulloo Khan Shumurzie, he who was some time ago seized by Captain Nicolson on entering his tent and placed in chains, came to me. He appears very much annoyed at the treatment he has received from us, and I must say his affair was a very unfortunate one. I have before mentioned in another part of my journal, that he headed the cavalry portion of the rebel force in the battle of Tazee, and our officers bear testimony to the gallant manner in which he charged up to the bayonets; he however was always driven off with loss. He had joined in the rebellion most reluctantly and immediately after the dispersal of the rebels he sent in word to the officer, commanding our troops to the effect, that if he were pardoned and promised protection, he would come into the British camp. This having been granted by the officer, he made his appearance, and was sent in to the Prince Governor of Candahar, who having heard of his bravery on several occasions was anxious to conciliate him. He accordingly gave him a dress of honour and some money, and after a time sent him back to his own country. After visiting his family he again ventured into the British camp, and was forwarded on to Captain Nicolson who on his arrival as before stated, seized and placed him in chains, he protested against this conduct, stating that he had been pardoned by the prince, whose dress of honour he wore at the time, and that his safety had been guaranteed to him by the political agent at Candahar. He was asked to produce any document which would show such to be the case, but unfortunately he had it not with him, having foolishly, he said, left it in his fort. On its being reported to the envoy some few days previous to the arrival of Wuloo in our camp, that a rumour was about that Wuloo Khan had come in and been pardoned by the prince and British authorities at Candahar, he wrote in reply that Wuloo Khan was the murderer of his messenger Murdon Khan; that he disapproved altogether of his receiving a pardon; and that if possible on apprehension he ought to be hanged; and under these circumstances was the unfortunate chieftain placed in chains, and had a narrow escape of being forthwith executed. But whilst there was a chance of his having been granted protection by a British officer, I advised that his execution should be postponed. He was however sent under a strong escort to be confined in Ghuznee, where I must leave him at present and proceed to relate the circumstances under which he became suspected for the murder of the envoy's messenger.

Shortly after the successful march of the army to Cabool, one of the envoy's messengers by name Murdon Khan Koukir, when on his journey through the Ghilzie country, was attacked by a party of marauding Ghilzies and murdered. The party was commanded or headed by a man of the name of Wuloo Khan of the tribe of Tullabzie. Murdon Khan's servant on seeing his master murdered threw himself into a hole and escaped. On reaching Candahar he swore that his master had been murdered by a party headed by a man named Wuloo Khan and no other chief of this name being known to the envoy, but Wuloo Khan of the tribe of Shummulzie, he was immediately pronounced to be the murderer, and it was not until Wuloo had narrowly escaped execution, and suffered a month's imprisonment in the citadel of Ghuznee, that the British ambassador at Cabool found out the real murderer of the messenger, when of course Wuloo was liberated and sent to me to be conciliated. He is now pleased to believe that I have been instrumental in saving his life; I spoke to him about the folly of visiting a British camp after having been so recently in rebellion against the government, without some document guaranteeing to him pardon and protection; and having congratulated him on his narrow escape, and using every argument I possibly could to remove any bad feeling that might still lurk in his mind, I gave him a present and an order to receive charge of his tribe, and also an explanatory letter to the effect, that his apprehension was an unfortunate mistake and that he was now entitled to all the influence and rights in the tribe, which his family had always possessed in it. This letter pleased him not a little and he took his leave.

13th—Afzul Khan and some of his followers came to me to-day in a state of great excitement, and complained most bitterly of the treatment some of the villagers had received from our camp-followers. On enquiry, I find that both parties are in fault; but these collisions are decidedly bad, and I am quite convinced that Afghans and Hindostanees will never get on well together; and under this impression I hope soon to be able to recommend the withdrawal of the troops altogether from the Ghilzie country. This however, cannot be done till I have an interview with Sultan Mahomed Khan. A messenger from Shabaz, the cripple who made himself useful in bringing the brothers of the sultan, with a letter and a quantity of mountain flowers, arrived, and reports most favourably on affairs in the Argundab district. Meer Allum Khan, the Hotuck chief, also arrived in camp, and brings favourable accounts from his part of the country. So that I have every reason to be satisfied with the present prospect of things.

16th—Every day brings me fresh complaints from the villagers against our camp-followers. Indeed, the people in this neighborhood have no corn or forage to spare, and I have suggested a change of ground to the officer commanding the troops, to a place called Tafferee, about five miles off, on the right bank of the Turnuck.

17th—Rode to Tafferee with Captain Woodburn, the officer commanding the troops, who approved of the spot I pointed out to him, which is a naturally strong position, immediately on the bank of the river Turnuck, with capital foraging ground all about it. During the day, Shabaz came in with a very satisfactory letter from Sultan Mahomed Khan, who expresses great satisfaction at the manner in which things are being arranged; and mentions a hope that he will soon have the pleasure of seeing me. I wrote him in return a very kind letter.

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pass; and I can easily see what a great advantage it would be to this country, if by making friends of the Wuzzuree chiefs, we could manage to insure a safe passage for our merchants from the Indus to this country. Meer Allum promises to use his best endeavors for the accomplishment of such a desirable object. I am also informed that it is not a difficult pass to get through, which makes it the more worthy of consideration as with it open it would obviate in a great measure the necessity which now exists of sending our caravans into the north and south of Afghanistan, through two most difficult passes, the Khiber and Bolan. Wrote to the envoy on the subject.

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1st August—Up to this date I have been engaged in organizing the Tokhy horse, a duty of no ordinary difficulty. Every man sets forth his claim for the posts of commissioned and non-commissioned officers, and it is difficult to decide to whom they ought to be given. One man will be recommended by the Khan because he is a dangerous character, having been the most notorious robber in the whole country, and that it would not be wise to displease him, as probably he might return to his old occupation. Another is an influential man in his tribe, and must be conciliated. So that I have had great trouble in pleasing them all; in which, however, I have to a certain degree fortunately succeeded; but beyond keeping them out of harm's way, and escorting caravans and travellers through the country, I never expect any good service from them.

2nd—Wrote a letter to Sultan Mahomed Khan, requesting him to appoint some place at which we might meet and form acquaintance. The troops are suffering from sickness, caused by a very singular notion which has got among them. They believe that on the low bed of the river, which is close to the camp, Afghaan ghosts are seen, and some of them, under this delusion, have come up from the river, gone into hospital, and died in a few hours, all the efforts of the medical man on such occasions proving useless. I have in consequence determined on sending them into Candahar, or at all events away from their present ground; but I do not consider it safe to do so until I have seen Sultan Mahomed Khan, and conciliated him. I have also written this day to Meer Allum Khan to come to me. I have been devoting a good deal of my time and attention to obtain information on the productive industry of this country; but from what has already been said of the wild and warlike character of the Toroon Ghilzies, it is not reasonable to expect a great deal from them under this head.

The Hotucks have a number of almond groves, the fruit of which they collect, and give in exchange to the Nassurree merchants for the coarser cloths of India. On an average, these merchants export three hundred camel loads of this fruit annually, each load weighing sixty four mounds, about four hundred and forty-eight pounds English. Wheat and barley, the common grains of this country, are abundant, but they are rather produced for home consumption than with a view to their being exported. The Turrekees and Underes Ghilzies are the principal cultivators in the Tokhy country. They cultivate large quantities of Rodung (madder), which is purchased in the autumn by the Nassurree merchants and taken to India. This valuable plant, the cultivation of which is on the increase, sold last year in the Tokhy country at eight coo rupees per pund, an Afghaan weight of about one hundred and forty pounds English. The Tokhys merely cultivate such a portion of their land as will supply them with a scanty provision of wheat and barley for their families, depending entirely for their clothing on their large flocks of sheep, the fleeces of which they turn into burruk and carpets. Many of them also emigrate with their flocks to the neighborhood of Candahar, and supply the market of that city with a number of very fine sheep, and return in the spring to their country, supplied with the coarse cloths of India, which they use for under garments.

The great dread and dislike these Ghilzies have always had to paying revenue to the Dooraunie kings, and the severe and sanguinary contests which have frequently taken place between the two tribes, when revenue has been sought to be collected by the Dooraunies, and in which the Ghilzies have always been successful, renders it a matter of much difficulty to obtain any idea of the amount of revenue paid by the Toroon Ghilzies to their chief. The aristocratic Hotuck tribes of Ishankzie and Sufferzie pay no revenue whatever; neither do the powerful Tokhy tribes of Mahomedzie and Tullabzie; but the rest of the tribes pay a tithe of their harvest to their chief, who wanders about the country during harvest-home, more like an Irish friar than a chief, and begs rather than demands what is frequently given with a very bad grace. It is also customary on the marriage of a chief to assemble the elders of a tribe, when a collection called busfund (marriage gifts) is made. Such are the very trifling perquisites attending the troublesome office of chief of the tribe.

5th—An express passed through during the night, announcing the fact of the capitulation of Kellat in Balloochistan. The affairs of that part of the country appear to have been badly managed, otherwise this disgrace would never have fallen upon us. A young officer of the name of Loveday, and a few Hindostanee soldiers, are in the hands of the insurgents, who are headed by Nusser Khan, the son of the late chief Mehrab, who was killed with a number of his men by our troops when they took the place last year. It has now been unfortunately lost, and I suppose must be re taken at any cost. I only hope that the news will not get abroad in this country, till I have seen the sultan, who promises to come down from the hills in a day or two, for the purpose of seeing me; but the deposed chief Summed has been spreading a report to the effect that we are only endeavouring to collect all the family of the sultan with himself when it is our intention to seize and have them put to death; and this accomplished, he is again to be placed in the chieftainship of the tribe. All the family now with me, of course, disbelieve this ridiculous report; but the followers of Sultan Mahomed believe it, although he himself may not; and thus I am informed, that they sometimes steal his horse from him, so as to prevent his running away from them to come to me. It would be a great point gained by Summed if he could prevent an interview between the sultan and myself, for he knows so soon as that takes place, his chance of regaining his former position in the tribe is altogether lost.

Afzul Khan complains to me to-day that a Tokhy of some little influence in his tribe is employed by our foraging parties to procure barley and lucerne; that he takes large parties of horse into the distant villages, and calling himself a servant appointed by government to collect provisions for the troops, forces the people to give what he wants, and taking the full value from our people, gives half to the peasants, and telling them at the same time they are exceedingly fortunate in getting any thing at all, pockets the other half himself. Our troops, of course ignorant of his villany, are well pleased with him, and entertain him in the camp. I immediately sent for him, but he was not induced to come till force was used by the commanding officer of the troops. On his being produced, he acknowledged his guilt, and took to himself great credit for

what he had done. He is a notorious villain, by name Siffo, and has been carrying on this game ever since our troops entered the country. He now produces letters of recommendation received from different officers who have passed through the Ghilzie country, en route to Cabool, giving him an excellent character, and speaking of him in the highest terms. This man was a confidential servant of the sirdars of Candahar when his majesty on a former occasion endeavoured to regain the sovereignty of this country. On his arrival at Candahar, the sirdars thought the better way of settling affairs would be to assassinate Shah Shoojah; and this being determined on, Siffo was appointed to carry their views into execution, with a promise, if he succeeded, of one lac of rupees (£10,000). Nothing was too bad for Siffo to do, and off he went to the king's camp, and giving out that he had been badly treated by the sirdars and swearing they were the greatest tyrants in existence, promised to do all in his power to destroy them, and in fact he was happy to take service with the Shah. In a short time, so cleverly had he managed his game, that he became the confidential servant of his majesty, and was on the eve of carrying his design into execution when his majesty was made aware of his intention. He was immediately seized, and acknowledged the whole affair. His confession saved his life; but the king, to prevent the possibility of his ever committing murder, ordered his hands to be cut off, which was accordingly done; but, strange to say, he can manage a horse, and does not appear to suffer any great inconvenience from the loss of them. I did not like confining the rogue myself, but told the khan if possible to prevent his annoying the villagers. He promised to take care of him; and on inquiry afterwards, I was informed that he had been laid flat on the ground, and a pile of stones heaped on his back—an Affghaan method of preventing the escape a prisoner.

8th—A man of Sultan Mahomed's brought me a letter from the khan to-day requesting me to come to a place called Khaka, where he would be happy to meet me. It is unfortunately altogether too far (being about twenty miles off) for me to venture from my camp; and I sent Afzul to speak to him, and endeavour to prevail on him to come closer to me: in fact, I appointed to meet him to-morrow at Olan Rabat. During the day Meer Allum Khan arrived, and does not appear to like the idea of my visiting the sultan unaccompanied by an escort; but if I take more than five or six men, he will get alarmed, and the object for which I have been toiling for the last month will fail of accomplishment; and it is a matter of the utmost importance that I conciliate this dangerous character at the present time, for I hear that he still has a great number of followers in the mountains from the tribes of Jullabzie, Pervozie, and Khan Khile, and that the minor chiefs of them wish him to keep aloof from me for a time, saying to him, that the Ballooches have taken Kellat, that Dost Mahomed is no more a prisoner in Bokhara, but coming to fight for his kingdom; and moreover, that the Sikk government are going to assist him with money. By all accounts the sultan is a clever fellow, and doubtless sees that the best policy is to come to terms with us, and I believe intends meeting me to-morrow. Visited the commanding officer and informed him of my intention of venturing on a visit some six miles from the camp, to the neighbourhood of the pass where our troops first were encamped when we entered the country. He appeared rather alarmed at the risk I was running; but seeing me determined, made no objection to give me five or six men to escort me. I requested him, if he heard any firing or confusion in the direction in which I was going, to send a body of cavalry to my assistance, which he promised to do.

9th—Accompanied by Meer Allum Khan, who is at feud with the sultan, and all the Tokhy khans and horse in my camp, rode to the rendezvous, where shortly after my arrival, I was joined by Afzul Khan, who informed me that the sultan was close by, and would be with me immediately. I ordered my servants to purchase twenty sheep, and have them slaughtered for breakfast, and all the cooks in the neighbourhood are obliged to be brought in to assist in preparing a feast for upwards of twenty khans and about three hundred of their followers. After waiting two or three hours anxiously looking for the arrival of the sultan, a cloud of dust in the direction of the pass indicated his approach with a large body of horse. Meer Allum now began to get alarmed, and fixing his dagger firmly in the Cashmere shawl that encircled his waist, repeated the Mahomedan creed—"La Ulla ill Ulla Mahomed Russool Ulla," (there is but one God, and Mahomed is his prophet); and asked, "What could have induced him to bring so many men with him?" I did not, I need scarcely say, partake in the fears of the khan, for I had done nothing to the sultan's family to merit ill-treatment from him; but I placed my double-barrelled pistol in my waist-belt, and my gun, loaded with ball, beside me, and got the five or six Hindostanee horsemen I had brought on sentry round the tent, with orders to admit no one but the khans. When Sultan Mahomed's party came close enough to be observed with the naked eye, the sun shining on their polished steel helmets and chain armour had a very beautiful effect. On their approaching within a few hundred yards of my tent they halted, and I sent Afzul Khan to his brother to welcome him, and bring him to me with a few of his personal friends. His party consisted of about two or three hundred men, well mounted, and almost all of them with helmets and chain armour on. He very soon made his appearance from the crowd by which he was surrounded. On his entering the tent I rose. We embraced each other in the usual Affghaan manner, which it is almost impossible to describe, and must be seen to be understood. After a number of compliments had been exchanged, we sat down on the carpet, and were immediately surrounded by the whole of his iron-bound warriors, who, taking down the sides of the tent, insisted on keeping their chief in sight. All we could do or say to prevail on them to go a short distance had no effect. They gave us excuse that they had never before seen a Faringee (Englishman), and begged to be allowed to remain a short time to observe me. I now interferred, and they remained, to the no small discomfort of my friend Meer Allum Khan, until breakfast was announced.

Sultan Mahomed Khan is an intelligent looking man of about 5 feet 9 inches in height, slightly formed, and of rather a dark complexion for an Affghan. His eyes are exceedingly quick and animated. He however keeps them fixed on the carpet, until he has said something which he expects to produce a striking effect on the person he is addressing. Shortly after his arrival observing that some stiffness prevailed in the assembly, I ordered breakfast to be brought, when all the followers of the Khan went to look after their share of the twenty sheep. Our breakfast consisted of lamb, mutton, and fowls, cooked in a variety of ways suited to the taste of the Affghans, laid on large dishes full of snow-white rice. A quantity of dried fruits, melons and grapes, were also placed on the cloth, and in a very few minutes disappeared and ulbundulilla (the Lord be praised) was pronounced by a fat priest, the spiritual adviser of the Khan. After grace, the ceremony of washing the right hand—for the left is considered unclean, and never used in eating—took place, and the water was first given to the Khan as a mark of respect, and then to me.

The Affghans like their more civilized brethren of the west are far more communicative and agreeable after a good meal, than before it, and no sooner

had the water passed round and the bushy beards of my wild guests been arranged, and other little Asiatic forms gone through than a kind of merriment appeared to pervade the whole party, the language spoken was Affghanee or Pushtoo, of which I knew but little, however, on asking my friend Meer Allum, he looked round the assembly, and finding the wish was that I should know what they had been saying, he remarked, "Oh they are only smiling at your innocence and boldness in trusting yourself amongst a body of men, who have been so recently in rebellion." He had scarcely uttered the last word when they all added—"but we like you the better for relying on our honour, and we hope to make such arrangements with you now, as will ensure our fidelity, and make it worth our while to keep true and faithful to the government, and in a short time make a Lord of you." The Sultan was silent all the time, but now raised his head to observe the effect this appeal to my feelings had on me, and remarked that he quite agreed with his friends, and that he never would have excited his tribe to rebellion, had he been civilly treated by our authorities at Cabool, when he passed through that city; he added "I have heard a great deal of you, and thank God we are now friends," and putting his hand into mine, "rely upon it that I shall not be the first to break with you, no person has ever known me to give my hand and word before in this manner to any Faringee (English man) or indeed to any one, and be the first to break that word. I now most solemnly promise to be true and faithful to you and the government of the Shah." Having said this in a most solemn tone of voice, all the party began to pray that what was said, might prove lasting and acceptable to God and the Prophet, and to show their concurrence in this primitive manner of swearing allegiance, they all with the right hand stroked down their long beards." Now began an examination of arms and accoutrements, and a most friendly interchange of jokes and stories of all kinds; the prevailing object of all parties being to impress me with an idea of the consequence each possessed in his tribe. Their dress consisted of a long scarf striped like bed ticking, and generally of a dark blue colour, wound carelessly round the head, forming a very wild-looking turban. A brownish frieze cloak with sleeves tied tight round the waist by a piece of cloth similar to the turban; and a pair of long boots with pointed and turned up toes, made of buckskin, drawn over a loose pair of pantaloons: each chief had a shield tied to his back, and as they sat down the white handle of a scimitar might be seen peeping from under the cloak on the right side, this, and a long knife stuck carelessly in the waist, or in its absence, a pistol, formed their arms. Their men wore regular chain armour, at least the greater number of them.

Having obtained the friendship and confidence of all my wild friends, they thought they could leave the Sultan in my company for a short time, and on his giving them a hint, they all got up and left us alone. I now found that the Khan could speak very fair Persian, and long arguments ensued on the policy pursued in the country; he did not fail to point out on this occasion the deadly hatred that existed between the Ghilzies and Dooranies, and expressed a hope that as now the former had made friends of us, we would support them against the latter tribe; the late rebellion, he observed, was caused by the Dooranies, who on his arrival at court on his return, made a point of slighting him, knowing what he would do to obtain satisfaction, but now said he, "they will be much disappointed and annoyed at our meeting and conciliation, but inschallah (please God) we will continue friends, and in that case neither you nor I need care about their machinations." He now remarked that the peasants were continually complaining to him of the losses they sustained, by being obliged to supply the troops with corn and other necessities; that they were paid for he knew, but really added he, "the armies that have been living all the season in this country, have left nothing to feed the people and their flocks during the winter, and if something is not done, I fear I may probably lose my influence over the refractory tribes who have generally lived by plundering on the road, and naturally you will look to my family for redress. You are now I hope," continued he, "certain of my fidelity, so long as you treat me fairly and well, and this being the case, what use can you have for the troops. Send them to Kellat-i-Ghilzie, or to Candahar, and if the Dooranies rebel, and drive your troops out of the country, you will remain our guests, and if you like we can at any time send you under safe escort to the Indus or India." I was of course very much pleased with this plain straightforward speech of the Khan's, and promised to do all in my power to have the evil of which he complained remedied and the troops removed. After a good deal of conversation, in which I succeeded in completely gaining the confidence of the Khan, his people were again summoned, and I twisted a very handsome cashmere shawl round his head and congratulated him on his good fortune in having given up a wandering and dangerous mode of living, and returned to his allegiance to his lawful king. Now again followed a prayer, the hands of all the wild fellows by whom we were surrounded held out in supplication, and when the prayer was ended, brought gradually in towards the face, and allowed to fall carelessly down, striking the beard as they fell into the lap.

I now began to laugh and joke with some of the more remarkable looking characters seated round me. I remarked to the Khan that I knew something about the Elim e Keafa (physiognomy) and attracted his attention to some of his followers, whom I observed as having a peculiarly wild appearance, for instance, one or two men with eye brows projecting so as to cover almost entirely the socket of the eye, and with unusually large heads. He laughed, and in his own language told the men what I had said of them, this immediately gave rise to a general burst of laughter, and I was informed that the men who had thus attracted my attention were notorious robbers, and they showed evident pleasure when a number of barbarous deeds they had committed, were related to me by the Khan and his minor chiefs; for these barbarians think they do well when they plunder and kill their neighbours the Dooranies and Huzzarehs. They look upon the latter tribe as infidels, and destroy them whenever they find a favourable opportunity. To some of the personal friends of the Khan, and of course those who possessed influence with him, I made small presents, and having succeeded much to my satisfaction in conciliating these wild mountaineers, the meeting broke up, Sultan Mahomed returned to his forts in the mountains, promising to visit me whenever I should wish to see him.

THE BENEFITS OF SNUFF-TAKING.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

Monsieur Aguste Edouard de Gamin was a small, an uncommonly small, man. From the bottom of his very high-heeled boots to the top of his very high-crowned hat he did not measure more than five feet six. But, then, his limbs were well-proportioned, and he had feet of which he was justly proud, and his hands were so white and diminutive that they elicited general admiration. Whenever, therefore, De Gamin placed himself before the mirror and surveyed his entire person reflected therein, a complacent smile would glide over his really handsome features, and stroking his coal-black whiskers, he

would murmur, "I am somewhat smaller than the generality of men; but, what then?—all that there is of me is good."

"Small men," it is said "have great souls." Without wishing to dispute the truth of this proverb, if proverb it be, I will lay it down as a much more certain maxim, that small men have great wives. It is a matter of indifference at present what cause produces this effect, and therefore I will not stop to enquire whether it proceeds from love of contrast, from blind admiration on the part of the small man, from dangerous pity on the part of the great woman, or from some wise law of nature affecting the standard height of the human family. I will assert it, however, to be a fact; one from which we may derive a fixed rule—a rule to which De Gamin formed no exception.

Up to the age of five-and thirty De Gamin had lived a bachelor; and during this period no breeze had ruffled the smooth waters of his happiness. With a yearly income of eight thousand francs, a large sum for a Parisian bachelor, he possessed the means of gratifying every reasonable desire. He could afford to keep three comfortably furnished rooms *au troisième*, to patronise the most fashionable tailors, and occasionally to drink in the delectable notes of Rubini or Duprez, or to feast upon the graces of Fanny Ellsler or Taglioni. The portress prepared him his breakfast, and arranged his rooms; the *blanchisseuse* darned his stockings, and mended his linen; he dined with merry friends at a restaurant, and took his *demi tasse*, newspaper in hand, at a café. Under such circumstances who could fail to be happy! De Gamin was completely so. He was always cheerful, always contented. But, alas! Juno—the inexorable Juno,—the angry, jealous, vexing, vixenish, bachelor-hating Juno, goddess of matrimony and matrimonial jars, waved her hymeneal torch over his fated head, and happiness, contentment, smiles, all vanished, like down before the hurricane.

Now, it so happened that upon the fourth floor of the same house in which De Gamin lived, there resided a certain Mademoiselle Adeline Bonaventure. Continually passing up and down the same stairs, perpetually stopping at the same porter's lodge to give and receive their keys, it is not wonderful that De Gamin and herself should become acquainted. At first they only bowed to each other in passing; some time after they paused to make mutual inquiries, such as "*Bon jour Mademoiselle, I hope you are well!*" or, "*Did Monsieur pass a good night!*" which latter question, by the bye, the lady never asked without a smile so deliciously good-natured that it pierced the very kernel of De Gamin's heart. Alas! poor De Gamin! that smile undid thee. It led to meetings and *tête à têtes*, to moonlight promenades, to long hours, and sympathy at the soul-stirring opera, to whispers and vows of love, to a civil marriage before the prefect, to a religious one before the priest, to the ruin of thy happiness, Auguste Edouard De Gamin!

Time passes on indifferent alike to our happiness or our misery, and so six months rolled, heavily enough, over the head of the once blithesome De Gamin. His wife, good woman, had improved wonderfully in person during this period, if indeed a considerable increase of flesh in one already large enough to have wedded Gog or Magog could be called an improvement. In her dress, too, there was a decided alteration for the better; silk and velvet floated gracefully over limbs which for many long years had known only cotton; and satin-bonnets, with waving plumes, shaded tresses which since distant childhood had curled affectionately under straw or tussan. Dark-coloured gloves had given place to white ones, and the delicacy of Madame's shoes afforded constant employment to the cabmen. But the greatest change which marriage had wrought in Madame was her temper. Whether during her many years of spinsterhood and husband hunting, (for she was two years older than her lord,) she had used up her whole stock of good-nature in decocting smiles, and placid, kind, and pleasurable looks, and that there remained to her only a residue of sour and bitter tempers, or whether—or whether—I cannot say, but Madame De Gamin was a different woman from Mademoiselle Bonaventure. The bland smile which had won De Gamin's heart existed no longer. The voice that had so gently responded to his own had become quick, loud, and sharp; and her breath, which as it came in whispers o'er his ear, he had likened to

"The sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,"

was now a north-easter, fresh from the Alpine glaciers.

De Gamin, too, was changed, and "such a change!" It was hardly credible that no other sickness than a sickness of the soul could have so wasted a man in six months. Of his person at least one half had disappeared, his figure had become angular, his calves rattled in his boots, and his once jetty hair girt like a silver frame his sunken cheeks and hollow eyes. A short time since he had been fastidiously particular about his dress; but now his coat hung on him like an hostler's frock, and his trowsers, once fitting like the stockings of a danseuse, flapped in the breeze with a sad, hollow sound. His linen was neglected, his cravat tied sideways, his hat was fretted, and his boots dim and dingy.

But all this was as nothing to the change which had taken place in the moral man. If he visited his former haunts, which by-the-bye, he rarely did, he sneaked in with the stealthy pace of a thief, and seemed when seated to be as uneasy as a cat among terriers. He looked on at billiards, but never played, pushed the tempting cigar-box mournfully away, and refused the proffered snuff with a sigh. He had no song to sing, no tale to tell, no opinion to give. He started at a sudden question like a guilty man, and his weak, uncertain, hesitating answers were scarcely audible. His former friends looked at him, at each other, shrugged their shoulders, and exclaiming, "Lost—lost—lost!" hurried from him as from a pestilence.

It does not require a philosopher to explain why, as Madame de Gamin expanded like a rose in a May morning, Monsieur de Gamin shrank and withered like a frost-bitten flower. To those who knew them, the reason was evident; to the wise who did not, a word will suffice. In getting a wife, De Gamin had caught a Tartar, and he was not long in finding it out.

During the first week of his married life, our little Benedick was perfectly happy; during the second he was less so; at the end of the month he was miserable. Not only had his wife ceased to be complacent, but, with a frowning brow she squandered away his money. She gave frequent and costly treats, dressed extravagantly, visited all places of public amusement, and lived at the rate not of eight, but of thirty thousand francs a-year. The remonstrances of De Gamin were treated with contempt, and his refusals of money followed by remorseless running-up of bills. The second, third, fourth, and fifth months increased his sorrows; the sixth convinced him that he had bidden a "long farewell" to happiness and liberty. Madame de Gamin ruled him, his house, his servants, and his purse.

It was not by any sudden or single stroke of fortune that Napoleon became emperor. It was by a succession of well-timed and well-executed measures that he raised himself from the republican citizen to an imperial despot. Neither

was it by any single effort that Madame de Gamin succeeded in obtaining the sovereignty at home. At the precise moment that her finger passed within the magic circle of the ring, she had resolved to conquer or to die; and never since then had she for one instant forgotten her vow. It was her thought by day, and her dream by night.

A week's observation revealed to her the weak and the strong points of De Gamin's character. Planning deliberately and wisely, she attacked her husband on every side. No opportunity escaped her. Now she wheedled, caressed, coaxed, and flattered; now chided, reproached, and scolded; now heaped upon his fated head the most biting sarcasms, and the most contemptuous ridicule.

To detail the many and various steps taken by this persevering woman to effect her purpose, would be not only tedious to the reader, but dangerous to the future peace of husbands. But while we consign the majority to oblivion, duty compels us to mention some two or three.

She deprived him of the society of his old associates by an ardent and flattering desire to enjoy his company.

She forbade his smoking, because of the odour which the cigar left, not in the rooms, nor on the curtains, but on his own dear lips.

She persuaded him that billiard-playing invariably led to quarrels; and, anxious for his safety, in a moment of excessive fondness, she exacted from him a promise never to play again.

So far, so good; but there was still one habit to which De Gamin clung, which kept him from utter ruin, which sustained and comforted him in all his trials, and which, in spite of everything, he seemed determined not to give up. He was like a machine, that, gradually rattling to pieces, is yet held together by a solitary screw. The screw that held the soul and body of De Gamin together, was the habit of snuffing.

It was a calm, delicious evening in June. Cool breezes sighed among the rare and fragrant exotics that adorned De Gamin's windows, wanted and fluttered in the rich curtains, or played fitfully upon the fevered brow of the wretched man. He had dined—had dined alone; his wife had gone to Montmorency with an old friend, a certain Chevalier du Tendre. Tremblingly taking advantage of her absence, De Gamin had drawn the table to his side, had sipped his wine and coffee, and now, reclining in a magnificent easy chair which his lady had purchased for her own especial comfort, was rattling his fingers nervously upon his snuff-box, his cherished and only friend, and ruminating upon the condition to which he had reduced himself. His reflections were bitter in the extreme, and each moment added to the agony of thought. He mused upon the past, on his once quiet home, upon his former friends, upon the many comforts now seemingly gone for ever; and as his excitement increased, he drew more largely upon his snuff-box as on a treasury of consolation.

"It shall be so no longer!" at length said he with stern gloominess. "The house is mine; the furniture is mine; the plate is mine; the meat, the drink, the money,—all is mine! Hitherto my weakness has made me deem them my wife's. I am the owner, and I will be the master."

At this moment the bell rang violently. De Gamin felt who rang it. His limbs trembled, his face became pale, the perspiration trickled down his forehead; but still he remained firm. He seemed to feel that a crisis was at hand, and that now or never he must exert his authority as a man and a husband.

The outer door opened: De Gamin heard the voice of his wife, and then her footsteps. With a swing she bounced into the saloon. Her cheeks were flushed with health, exercise, and Bordeaux.

"De Gamin," said she as she flung herself into a chair, "I want thirty francs to pay for the coach. Indeed, you might as well give me thirty two. I shall have to give the coachman a *pour-boire*."

There was something, not only in the voice, but in the manner of the lady, as she indolently held out her hand for the money, that nettled De Gamin exceedingly. It seemed to him precisely the tone and manner which one would assume in speaking to a menial, and he sharply replied, "Is du Tendre too poor to pay for it?"

"What was Monsieur pleased to say?" inquired the lady, as she turned and fixed her eyes upon her husband with an air of astonishment.

"That du Tendre may pay for the coach," replied De Gamin.

"If you have no respect for your wife, I have," said the lady, as she drew herself up in the chair. "No other man shall pay my expenses while I have a husband."

"So it seems," retorted De Gamin, "but I'll not pay for the coach."

Madame de Gamin rang the bell violently. "Louise," said she as the maid entered, "go over to Mr. Dupont the grocer, and ask him to let me have sixty francs. I will return them to-morrow."

Before De Gamin could interfere, the servant was gone. After the lapse of some minutes, during which neither husband nor wife had spoken, she returned and handed her mistress the money. Madame de Gamin slowly counted out thirty francs and gave them back to the girl, and then, tossing a five-franc piece on the floor, she said, with marked emphasis, "As the coachman has waited some time, you may give him five francs instead of two."

The maid picked up the money and disappeared.

"Eh bien!" said the lady with a sneer, "has Monsieur any more remarks to make?"

For some moments De Gamin remained silent and motionless. He was evidently in deep thought. At length he rapped his snuff-box, gravely took a pinch, dusted his nose, approached his wife, and looking something like his former self, said, "Madame de Gamin, I can permit this no longer. I am your husband, not your steward and slave, nor will I suffer myself to be ruined by you. Look here, Madame," and he drew from his pocket a bundle of papers.

"These came during your absence to-day; one hundred and twenty francs for gloves, two hundred and fifty for a cashmere shawl, one hundred and eighty for a silk dress, three hundred for laces; who the deuce is to pay all this money?"

"My husband, sir!" quietly replied the lady.

"Your husband," sneered de Gamin. "No, Madame, your husband neither can nor will. In six months you have spent more than his whole income. I insist upon it that you retrench."

"Retrench!" cried the lady contemptuously, as she sprang to her feet. "I'll not retrench, sir. Before you married me you should have known that two must spend more than one."

"You have spent more than a dozen reasonable wives would have done," replied de Gamin. "You shall have no more money, Madame, for such purposes until January next!"

"Won't I, Monsieur le Grand?"

"No; as I am a man," commenced the husband.

"Mannikin," interposed the wife.

"Madame!"

"Gamin!"

"This is too much," exclaimed de Gamin furiously, as the contemptuous epithet reached his ear. "I'll manage you, Madame. I'll put you on an allowance. I'll not pay your bills. I'll ruin your credit. I'll separate from you. I'll—I'll—"

"You will, will you? you little hop-o'-my-thumb, you pocket-piece, you mite, you maggot," shouted the infuriated virago as she sprang forward, and grasping the snuff-box in one hand, seized de Gamin with the other, and sent him sliding across the polished floor.

Regaining his feet, with an oath de Gamin rushed towards his wife. She felt that she had gone too far; so, ringing the bell furiously, she shrieked, "Louise! Louise!" and fell back, with admirable presence of mind, fainting, into the chair.

"Oh! mon Dieu! is Madame ill?" asked the bonne, who had responded to the summons with unaccountable celerity.

"Some water, Louise," gasped the lady; "my salts, Louise. Oh! my head! my head! This monster of a man will kill me."

Without getting either the water or the salts, Louise rushed to the top of the stairs and shouted, "Madame Duval! Madame Duval! help! help! murder! murder! my master is killing Madame! help!"

"What on earth has happened?" asked Madame Duval, the portress, as she bounded into the room accompanied by two female lodgers in the house.

"Oh! oh! oh!" sighed the wife.

"Oh!" sobbed the maid. "I'll never marry! He has killed her. I heard her fall. The fondest, loving'st wife ever I did see."

"Oh! you brute!" said Madame Borel, of the sixth story, through her closed teeth.

"Oh! villain!" shouted Mademoiselle Aigre, of the fifth, whose hands were opening and shutting like the claws of a cat in the sun.

"Monsieur de Gamin, I am astonished at you!" said the portress mildly.

"How could you ill treat so good a wife?"

"Madame Duval," commenced the bewildered little man, "upon my word—"

"Oh! oh! oh!" sighed the lady more heavily than before.

"Oh!" echoed the maid. "Don't let him speak. His voice frightens her. She's trembling all over. Turn him out till the fit's over."

"Fit!" ejaculated de Gamin.

"Get out of the room, you tiger!" said Madame Borel.

"Out with you, you ruffian!" bawled Mademoiselle Aigre.

"You had better withdraw," said the portress in her blandest voice.

"I won't said de Gamin, stamping his foot.

"You shall!" screamed the maid and Madames Borel and Aigre at once.

"Lock him up in my chamber," said Madame de Gamin faintly.

In a moment the little man was seized, and in spite of his efforts fairly lifted from the ground. As they were about to bear him from the room, however, Madame de Gamin raised herself in the chair, and, crying out, "Stop! stop!" fell back again completely overcome. There was an awkward pause. Again Madame roused herself and asked pathetically, "De Gamin, will you let me have my own way a little while I am in this delicate situation?"

"Order these women out and I'll do anything," groaned the miserable husband.

"Put him down," said the wife.

The women shook him and obeyed.

"What do you want here, sir?" asked Madame Borel fiercely of a tall, fine-looking man, who, unobserved, had entered the room.

"I—I—a—a—only came to see what—"

"I don't care what you came to see," interrupted his better half. "Away with you, sir. You shan't learn to ill-treat your wife."

Nodding to the group, she said, "I'll be back in a minute," and seizing her husband by the collar she led him passive away.

De Gamin looked in amazement at the couple as they retreated. The sight consoled him. "Ah!" murmured he, "they trample on large men as well as small."

No sooner had Madame Borel returned, than Madame de Gamin was seized with another fit. Her eyes were fixed; she ground her teeth; her feet were stretched out; her limbs were rigid; with one hand she described concentric circles in the air and beat the wind most furiously; the other maintained its grasp of the captured snuff-box. De Gamin was seriously alarmed. "If she chooses to die of her own accord," thought he, "I won't mind it much; but to have it said that I killed her!" He drew near and anxiously asked—

"Madame Duval, are these attacks dangerous?"

"Awfully dangerous, Monsieur de Gamin, awfully dangerous answered Madame Duval, with a portentous shake of the head.

De Gamin shuddered.

"Ah!" sighed Madame de Gamin.

"She's coming to," said Louise.

The women rose and approached the sick lady. "Are you better now?" asked Madame Duval.

"Yes, thank you," replied she; but I should like to go to bed."

Assisted by the portress and Louise, Madame de Gamin arose and moved slowly to her chamber. She was followed by Mesdames Borel and Aigre.

De Gamin threw himself into the easy chair. He looked the picture of misery. "Would to Heaven," cried he, "I was again a bachelor among bachelors!"

A moment or two afterwards Louise entered.

"How is Madame now?" inquired De Gamin.

"Better, sir, but very weak." "She begs you won't go out to-night."

"I don't mean," said De Gamin; "but pray, Louise, get me my snuff-box."

"I will as soon as I can," said the girl, and she disappeared.

For an hour or more De Gamin was left alone. He was unutterably wretched, and restless, and fidgety. He tried to read; but his intellects seemed benumbed. His eyes ran over the page a dozen times; but the words left no impression on his mind. At length he closed the book and went to the window. It looked on a thoroughfare. Numbers of persons passed and re-passed. They all seemed happy. De Gamin groaned. He felt as if he was the only wretched being in all Paris. An old friend strolled by, a bachelor: he looked up at De Gamin, smiled, bowed, and walked on. De Gamin flung himself from the window into the chair, and burying his face in his hands, he groaned aloud.

Louise entered. "Does Monsieur want anything?"

"A candle, Louise; and oh! get me my snuff-box," said De Gamin imploringly.

The candle was brought. "Madame sleeps; you shall have your snuff-box as soon as she wakes," said the bonne, and, abruptly turning on her heel, she left the room.

Just then he heard footsteps, the footsteps of several persons; they moved

towards the outer door; it was opened, closed, locked, and the key withdrawn. Some one returned, entered the chamber of Madame, shut the door, and all was silence as before. De Gamin gnashed his teeth, nestled in his chair, and tried to sleep.

It was near eleven o'clock when the maid again entered the saloon. De Gamin gazed vacantly at her hands; they were empty; but a cloak was hanging on her arm.

"Monsieur must sleep on the sofa to-night," said she. "It is large and soft, and Monsieur's cloak will keep him comfortable."

"But my snuff-box, Louise, my snuff-box!" gasped the little man.

"Bah!" cried the maid, as she threw the cloak peevishly down. "How can you think of such trifles at such a time?"

De Gamin shrugged his shoulders and the maid withdrew to her chamber, a little bed-room adjoining the one that Madame occupied. The case seemed hopeless, so De Gamin undressed, threw himself on the sofa, spread the cloak over him, blew out the light, and tried to sleep.

For an hour at least, De Gamin tossed and turned, and screwed himself up, and stretched himself out upon the sofa. He could not sleep. The clock of a neighbouring church struck twelve. He rolled himself on his right side, and counted, slowly counted, thousands. It would not do. The clock struck one.

He wheeled on his left side, and tried to imagine himself in a ship gently rocked by the waves, then in a wheat field, watching the grain as it moved to and fro in the wind. He had heard that these imaginings had sometimes brought sleep to the weary, but all these measures failed him. The same old groaning clock struck two, and he was more wakeful than ever. What could be the matter? Was he sick? No. Was it his wife's sickness? No. Was it the want of his supper? No—he never supped now. "One pinch of snuff," said he—"only one! and I could sleep like a top."

From his entrance into manhood had De Gamin snuffed. For nearly fifteen years had he looked upon his snuff-box as a thing necessary to his existence. It had been his companion in solitude, his friend in adversity, his solace in affliction.

"Pooh!" said he half aloud. "I can't sleep without it. There's no use in trying to do so. I must and will have my snuff-box."

Determined to regain his snuff-box, De Gamin raised himself up, and throwing his legs from under the cloak, sat for a moment or two listlessly on the side of the sofa. It was so intensely dark that he could not see a single object in the room. He strove to recollect where he had put his clothes; but he could not. He stretched out his right hand and felt in one direction, stretched out his left and felt in the other; but he encountered not even an empty chair. A little reflection convinced him that his clothes were somewhere in the saloon; so at length he rose to his feet, and, after some groping, succeeded in finding his drawers. These he pulled on, and then proceeded to search for his stockings; they were nowhere to be found. "Where the deuce did I throw them?" asked he peevishly. "I can't remember anything. I must be losing my senses."

Passing his hand slowly up and down the side of his head, he stood for at least five minutes, barefooted, on the cold oaken floor, striving to remember where he was when he put them off; but memory would not aid him. Tired of thinking, he stooped and groped along the floor for his slippers. "Pish!" murmured he through his closed teeth, "I never had them. They are in my chamber." Again he stood and mused. Some ten minutes passed; he began to grow chilly, and determined to move on. Feeling his way, now by a table, now by a chair, he managed to reach the door of the saloon. A second more, and he was in the passage. With "cautious steps and slow," he approached the door of his chamber, lowered his head and peeped through the key-hole. There was a light burning in the chimney; more than this he could not see. He raised his hand to the latch, but his courage failed him, and he dropped it again with a faint sigh. Again he raised it, and again he let it fall. The passage was paved with stone, and his legs were becoming cramped with cold. Each moment added to his sufferings, but still he dared not enter. Like Fatima at the door of the fatal blue closet, he stood and trembled and trembled and stood.

A cold shiver ran through his frame; he turned to the chamber of the maid. "I will send her for it," thought he; "I dare not go myself." Guided by the wall, he reached Louise's room. The door was latched. He knocked at it gently, and listened; nothing stirred. He knocked again a little more loudly; still no reply. He lifted his hand to the latch, and softly opened the door.

"Louise, Louise!" Louise made no answer. He entered, reached the bed, stretched out his hand; it encountered the arm of the bonne; she awoke with a start.

"Who's that?" asked she in some alarm.

"Tis I, Louise, for God's sake get me—"

"Mais, Monsieur, what do you want in my room at this time of night?" asked the girl in a loud voice.

A light flashed upon them—De Gamin turned—his wife stood before him with eyes that far outshone the candle which illuminated this scene of misfortune.

"So one wife is not enough for Monsieur," said she in a tone of bitter irony. "I came but for my snuff-box," said De Gamin, with a miserable attempt at dignity. How could a man look dignified in such a dress!

"Was your snuff box in Louise's room?" asked Madame, in the same sneering tone. "You cannot deceive me, sir; though you would have deceived a poor girl whose only fortune is her good name."

Louise sobbed hysterically.

"My snuff-box was all I sought," said De Gamin firmly; but appearances were fearfully against him.

"Silence, sir! Follow me," said Madame; and she turned and left the room. De Gamin hesitated a moment, shrugged his shoulders, and followed her. As soon as they had entered the chamber, she locked the door, and, looking sternly at her husband, said—

"De Gamin, this conduct is unworthy of a gentleman. This is an outrage that no woman would put up with. I have not deserved it at your hands. If you wish to kill me,"—she burst into tears—"don't kill me by such wickedness. Plunge a dagger in my bosom—poison the food I eat—but don't—don't—oh, oh!—I shall have another fit!" and she threw herself on the bed.

"Shall I call Louise?" asked the agitated man.

"No!" cried Madame in a voice of thunder. "Call no one—no one shall witness my misery;" and, sitting upright on the bed, she covered her face with her hands, and rocked herself to and fro.

"I declare to you, Madame—" commenced De Gamin.

"Hush, sir! I wish to hear nothing on the subject."

"Tis a hard case," said De Gamin, "that I should be judged before I am heard."

"Speak on, then, sir; speak on."

"Well, Madame, the truth is, that I wanted my snuff-box, and, unwilling to disturb you, I went to Louise's room to send her for it."

"A very likely story," sneered Madame de Gamin. "I hope you expect every one to believe it. Your snuff-box is in my room, a room which you could enter as well as Louise; which you had a better right to enter; and you go to my maid's chamber at three o'clock in the morning, half dressed, to get a snuff-box that wasn't there—oh! 'twas infamous, infamous."

De Gamin shrugged his shoulders. "I can say no more."

"But I can, sir; and I will. You have committed a gross outrage on my honour. An outrage which few women would forgive. Yet I'll forgive it—on one condition, however, and only one."

"Name it."

"That you snuff no more."

"Impossible!" said De Gamin. "My snuffing cannot annoy you."

"It does," replied Madame. "It is a nasty, disgusting, odious, filthy habit. It affects my nerves dreadfully. I have long hated it, and since this night's work shall hate it more than ever. The sight of your snuff-box would kill me now."

"I must snuff," said De Gamin. "I can't do without it."

"Then you must do without your wife," said the lady, passionately bursting into tears. "I'll tell the world of your infamous conduct. I'll make you the laughing-stock of Paris. I'll cause you to be shunned by man and woman, and then I'll drown myself. Life is no longer endurable."

De Gamin was silent.

"Give up your snuff, and I'll say nothing about it; neither shall Louise. I will forgive and forget all."

De Gamin was moved.

"De Gamin; if you knew that I had drowned myself because you used snuff, could you use it again with pleasure?"

"No," sighed De Gamin, "I could not."

"Then give it up at once, or I'll kill myself to-morrow."

De Gamin groaned deeply.

"Refrain for four months only—will you?"

For a moment the little man was silent; then faintly said, "I will."

"Swear it."

"I swear that I will not use snuff for four months."

"Then I freely forgive you all," exclaimed Madame rapturously. "You are my own dear little husband still. Come—come to bed."

December was come, and De Gamin, in spite of the loss of his snuff-box, still lived; that is, he breathed, and moved, and ate, and slept, and obeyed the orders of his wife. But he was wasted to a shadow, and a deep melancholy had settled on his features, and the neighbours pronounced him a heart-broken and a blighted man, upon whom the grave would shortly close.

Madame de Gamin was stouter than ever, but she was still childless. Reality had not kept pace with expectancy. To dissipate her sorrows she continued to dress, to visit, to feast, and to use her husband's purse as unsparingly as ever.

It happened on the night of the sixth of December, or, to speak more accurately, on the morning of the seventh, that M. de Gamin dreamed a dream.

He found himself, he knew not how—for dreams, like the magic carpet of the prince, whisk us in a moment whither they please—in a large and brilliantly lighted room. Beneath a lofty Gothic window were thirteen chairs, arranged so as to form a semicircle; of these, the seventh or centre was raised above the rest, and De Gamin could have sworn it was the easy chair of his wife.

There was no one in the room but himself, and impelled by curiosity, he attempted to walk about, but he could not lift a foot; he was spell bound and rooted to the spot. In this standing position he remained for some time, the sole occupant of the chamber; but at length the door was thrown open, and a figure, like a man enveloped in a cloud, entered; a second followed the first, then another, and another, until De Gamin counted thirteen. They formed a long row; and as they moved slowly onwards, they turned their heads neither to the right nor to the left. They did not walk, but they glided as noiselessly as ghosts, and seated themselves in the chairs. De Gamin looked fixedly at them, but he could not discern a feature. They were more like shadows than like men. Some minutes passed in silence, and then the figure that occupied the centre chair slowly rose, solemnly beckoned to De Gamin to draw near, and gradually settled in his seat again.

"I can't move," said De Gamin.

"Try," responded the figure.

De Gamin tried: one step, and he stood before them. Again De Gamin looked fixedly at the figures; it seemed as if a mist was gradually dispersing. He could see heads, then spots on those heads, like the spots in the moon, and then the features were distinctly visible. He knew the faces, they were those of his old friends; but they smiled not as they had been wont to do—on the contrary, they looked gravely, and even sternly upon him.

"De Gamin," said the same figure that had spoken before; "you stand here accused of having committed suicide."

"Zeste—I am not dead," replied De Gamin.

"That the blood still flows in your veins, that your pulse beats, and your heart throbs, is very true," answered the figure. "But the man, De Gamin, the man is dead! By a rash act you have destroyed yourself; and it is our painful duty, as bachelors, to hold an inquest over you."

"Who are my accusers?" asked De Gamin.

A female figure rose slowly from the ground, and said, "I am one."

"Unveil," said the coroner.

"Grand Dieu! my wife!" gasped De Gamin.

"Yes, sir. I, your wife, am your accuser: and here I swear that you are no longer a man; that you think not, reason not, act not like a man; that you dare not go or come, lie down or rise up, eat or drink, smoke or snuff, without my consent; that your words are but the echoes of my words, your thoughts dependent on my thoughts, your will on my will: and that, being without word, or thought, or will of your own, you are no more a man."

De Gamin groaned.

"Disappear!" said the coroner, and the female vanished.

De Gamin breathed more freely.

Suddenly a man in white rose to Gamin's side, and said, "Prince of bachelors, of good fellows, and of *bon vivants*, I am here to defend Monsieur Auguste Edouard de Gamin, formerly a bachelor, and chief among bachelors."

"And I," said a figure in black, springing up as suddenly as the first, "am here to accuse him."

"Speak on," said the coroner to the gentleman in black.

"Bachelor gentlemen of the jury," said the figure, "I maintain that M. De Gamin, knowingly, deliberately, and in a sound state of mind, committed the

deed which has destroyed him. I want no witnesses. He shall condemn himself. De Gamin, stand forward, and answer me. Up to the age of five-and-thirty did you not lead a happy life?"

Answer. "I did."

Question. "Had you not a good income, a good constitution, good rooms, and good friends?"

A. "I had."

Q. "What then induced you to marry?"

A. "Alas! the Italian epitaph must be my only excuse. 'Stavo ben, ma per star meglio, sto qui.'"

"You see, gentlemen," said the black figure as it turned to the jury, "that Monsieur de Gamin's excuse is no excuse. Possessed of all that could render man happy, he threw that all away. I maintain, therefore, that situated as De Gamin was, he has been guilty of deliberate suicide, and should be punished accordingly."

"And what hast thou to say?" asked the coroner of the figure in white.

"I must call my witnesses."

"Let them appear," said the coroner, and three women rose slowly in the place of the one that had vanished.

"Who are you?" asked the coroner.

The first figure raised her veil and said, "I am the portress of the hotel in which De Gamin lived."

Q. "Did you observe any change in his conduct previous to the committal of the fatal act?"

A. "What fatal act?"

Q. "His marriage, fool!" The room shook with the response.

A. "I did. For a month before his marriage he seemed to be very much bewildered in his mind. He became gloomy, moody, and thoughtful; continually mistook other people's keys for his own, and sometimes went up and down stairs three or four times before he found the right one."

Coroner. "And who art thou?"

The second figure unveiled. "I was the *blanchisseuse* of Monsieur de Gamin. About five weeks before his marriage his manners changed wonderfully. He took to grumbling; said his clothes were not well washed; that his linen was not neatly mended; that shortly these things would be better attended to. Two weeks later I found his black coat and trousers, two pairs of boots, and a riding-whip in the dirty clothes' bag, while his soiled linen was neatly folded in his drawers."

Coroner. "Who art thou?"

The third figure unveiled and said, "I am the waiting-woman of Madame de Gamin. Monsieur was very much altered after his first walk with Mademoiselle. One day I entered his chamber suddenly; he was standing before the glass smiling, and smirking, and practising all manner of airs and graces. And when I spoke to him, he caught me in his arms, exclaiming, 'Oh woman! woman! thou art the choicest gift of heaven!'"

"Now gentlemen bachelors," said the figure in white, as the females slowly disappeared, "is there any one that can believe that Monsieur de Gamin was in a sound state of mind when he committed the deed of which he now stands accused. I contend, therefore, that De Gamin is guiltless of the deed now laid to his charge, and merits no further punishment."

Having made these remarks, the figure disappeared. A silence ensued. The jury gravely whispered among themselves. At length the coroner arose and smilingly said, "De Gamin, it has been sufficiently proved that the act you committed was done in a moment of temporary insanity. For this deed, therefore, we think you have already suffered enough and have resolved to put an end to your sorrows. Henceforth, De Gamin, you shall be as one of us again."

So saying, he descended from his chair, and taking de Gamin by the hand led him to it. De Gamin seated himself and stretched his legs out; a thrilling sensation of pleasure passed through his frame, and as the bachelors disappeared, his snuff-box descended slowly from the ceiling. With a cry of delight he grasped at it; it fell to the ground with a loud noise. He awoke.

Madame de Gamin was groaning dreadfully. She was really ill.

Bouncing out of bed, De Gamin rushed across the passage and rapped violently at Louise's door.

"Up! up! Louise! Madame is very sick."

"Another sham fit, I suppose," grumbled the maid, as she unwillingly deserted her nest among the blankets. "She might just as well choose the daytime for her nonsense." But Louise was mistaken. Madame had spent the day with M. Du Tendre at St. Cloud; she had eaten an enormous quantity of truffles, had taken violent exercise shortly afterwards, and was now dangerously sick.

"Put on your clothes, while I go for Madame Duval," said Louise to De Gamin, whose withered legs were rattling in the cold.

In a short time Louise returned. She was accompanied by Mesdames Duval, Borel, and Aigre. A long consultation ensued, at the end of which the ladies decided that Madame was grievously sick. De Gamin proposed to go for a physician; but he was ordered off to Louise's room as a creature decidedly in the way, and his wife was committed to the care of Madame Tuetout, a celebrated compound of witch, fortune-teller and doctress. The consequence was, that Madame grew rapidly worse. By the next evening she was in a raging fever. On the third day Madame Tuetout was somewhat uneasy.

M. de Gamin again proposed sending for a physician. Madame Tuetout was indignant. She had only tried ordinary means, she always tried them first: they sometimes disappointed her. Now she would try extraordinary remedies; they never failed. The women were delighted. Again De Gamin was turned out of the room. He sat in the saloon, in the easy chair. It put him in mind of his dream. It was a strange dream—very strange. What could it mean! He had some idea of asking Madame Tuetout about it.

Just then she entered the room. Mesdames Duval, Borel, and Aigre, were with her.

"*Eh bien, Monsieur!*" said she, with an air of importance. "I have done all, these ladies are witnesses, that poor human nature can do. At present all is well. I have given Madame a powder. It will throw her into a profuse perspiration, and a deep sleep. I am obliged to go away. Louise and yourself must watch by her to-night. In the morning I will come again. Remember, there must be no noise whatever. If anything frightens her out of her sleep, she dies."

So saying the old lady bade De Gamin good-night, and retired, accompanied by the three women.

It was nearly three hours past midnight. M. de Gamin and Louise sat by the fire in the saloon, exerting themselves to keep each other awake. Since her illness of her mistress the *bonne* had altered her behaviour to her master wonderfully. Her language had become respectful, and her manner kind and

affectionate. She had even ventured to make one or two remarks about Madame, which it was well for her the lady could not hear.

Madame de Gamin was sleeping heavily. The door of her chamber was open. There was a pause in the conversation, and the watchers distinctly heard her breathing now quickly, now with all the slowness of a long-drawn sigh. Louise shook her head doubtfully, and drew her chair nearer to De Gamin. She was a pretty brunette, and there was mischief in her dark full eye as she said in a whisper,

"Ah, Monsieur, you are a sly rogue—a desperately sly rogue among the women."

"I!" said the poor miserable startled De Gamin—"I!—eh!—ah!—no!—not now—not now!" and he crossed his legs, and looked despairingly at the fire. Louise's glance had fallen upon him like a spark upon ice.

Louise put her hand on his knee, and looking up in his face archly, she asked, "Now, what was it that Monsieur wanted in my room the night that Madame caught him there?"

"Ah!" said De Gamin with a sigh. "I only wanted my snuff-box."

Disconcerted by this answer, the maid remained silent for a moment or so, and then said, "'Tis a long time since Monsieur has snuffed."

"Very long—very long," said De Gamin, as he moved his head slowly from side to side. "'Twas my only comfort; and she took that too."

"Would Monsieur like to snuff now?" asked Louise, in the most insinuating manner.

"I dare not," said De Gamin, as he placed his hand on her arm, and looked suspiciously round the room.

"She'll never know anything about it," said Louise. "A pinch of snuff, Monsieur, would help to keep you awake."

De Gamin made no reply. Louise arose, and quietly entering her mistress's room, she gently opened a drawer, and taking out the snuff-box, returned with it to her master. De Gamin's hand trembled as he took it; but the bare touch seemed to revive him, and, springing to his feet, he tapped the snuff-box energetically, unscrewed it, plunged his finger in, and taking a huge pinch, he inhaled it vigorously.

It was a pinch such as he had taken in the days of his strength. It was too much for him in his weak condition. It mounted to the eyes, played about the nerves, and then, descending with a titillating sensation to the end of the nose, ended in a tremendous chevee—chevee—chewack! A fearful groan issued from the chamber.

"Oh, Heavens!" cried Louise, "Madame is waked up."

De Gamin dropped the snuff-box, and rushed to the bedside. His wife was awake. She held out her hand, and said,

"De Gamin, I am ill—I am dying."

De Gamin was silent. He really did not know what to say.

"De Gamin," said the lady, "I have been a bad wife."

"No, you haven't," said De Gamin, sobbing.

"I have," said the wife. "Do you forgive me?"

"All—all," sobbed the husband.

"De Gamin, never marry again."

"I won't," said De Gamin.

"Swear it!" said the wife.

"I most solemnly swear it!"

"Never—never—mar—ry—again," gasped Madame.

"May I lose my snuff-box if I do!" said De Gamin.

"Kiss me, De Gamin—kiss—me."

De Gamin kissed her. At that moment Louise and the physician entered the room. 'Twas too late. Madame de Gamin was no more.

At noon the next day De Gamin was walking up and down the saloon, an altered man. There was a smile on his face, a light in his eye, and elasticity in his tread. In his hand he held his snuff-box, and as he tapped the lid, and thought upon the past, he stopped, glanced cautiously round the room, and then, drawing his shoulders up until they touched his ears, he exclaimed,

"I always thought that snuff was the best thing upon earth; but now, ah! *mon Dieu!* it has a double relish."

MISS MARTINEAU ON MESMERISM.

(Continued)

TYNEMOUTH, NOV. 29, 1844.

When I entered upon my lodgings here, nearly five years ago, I was waited upon by my landlady's niece, a girl of fourteen. From that time to this, she has been under my eye; and now, at the age of nineteen, she has all the ingenuousness and conscientiousness that won my respect at first, with an increased intelligence and activity of affections. I am aware that personal confidence, such as I feel for this girl, cannot be transferred to any other mind by testimony. Still, the testimony of an inmate of the same house for so many years, as to essential points of character, must have some weight; and therefore I preface my story with it.—I would add that no wonders of Mesmerism could be greater than that a person of such character, age, and position should be able, for a long succession of weeks, to do and say things, every evening, unlike her ordinary sayings and doings, to tell things out of the scope of her ordinary knowledge, and to command her countenance and demeanour, so that no fear, no mirth, no anger, do doubt, should ever once make her move a muscle, or change colour, or swerve for one instant from the consistency of her assertions and denials on matters of fact or opinion. I am certain that it is not in human nature to keep up for seven weeks, without slip or trip, a series of deceptions so multifarious; and I should say so of a perfect stranger, as confidently as I say it of this girl, whom I know to be incapable of deception, as much from the character of her intellect as of her *morale*. When it is seen, as it will be, that she has also told incidents which it is impossible she could have known by ordinary means, every person who really wishes to study such a case, will think the present as worthy of attention as any that can be met with, though it offers no array of strange tricks, and few extreme marvels.

My Mesmerist and I were taken by surprise by the occurrence of this case. My friend's maid told her, on the 1st of October, that J. (our subject) had been suffering so much the day before, from pain in the head and inflamed eyes, that she (the maid) had mesmerised her; that J. had gone off into the deep sleep in five minutes, and had slept for twenty minutes, when her aunt, in alarm, had desired that she should be awakened. J. found herself not only relieved from pain, but able to eat and sleep, and to set about her business the next day with a relish and vigour quite unusual. My friend saw at once what an opportunity might here offer for improving the girl's infirm health, and for obtaining light as to the state and management of my case, then advancing well, but still a subject of anxiety.

J. had for six years been subject to frequent severe pain in the left temple,

and perpetually recurring inflammation of the eyes, with much disorder besides. She is active and stirring in her habits, patient and cheerful in illness, and disposed to make the least, rather than the most, of her complaints. She had, during these six years, been under the care of several doctors, and was at one time a patient at the Eye Infirmary at Newcastle; and the severe treatment she has undergone is melancholy to think of, when most of it appears to have been almost or entirely in vain. She herself assigns, in the trance, a structural defect as the cause of her ailments, which will prevent their ever being entirely removed; but, from the beginning of the mesmeric treatment, her health and looks have so greatly improved, that her acquaintances in the neighbourhood stop her to ask how it is that her appearance is so amended. There was in her case certainly no 'imagination' begin with: for she was wholly ignorant of Mesmerism, and had no more conception of the phenomena she was about to manifest than she has consciousness of them at this moment.

This unconsciousness we have guarded with the utmost care. We immediately resolved that, if possible, there should be one case of which no one could honestly say that the sleeping and waking states of mind were mixed. Our object has been, thus far, completely attained—one harmless exception only having occurred. This was when, speaking of the nature and destiny of man, an idea which she 'had heard in church intruded itself among some otherwise derived, and troubled her by the admixture. On that occasion, she remarked afterwards, that she had been dreaming, and, she thought, talking of the soul and the day of judgment. This is the only instance of her retaining any trace of anything being said or done in the trance. Her surprise on two or three occasions, at finding herself on awaking, in a different chair from the one she went to sleep in, must show her that she walked; but we have every evidence from her reception of what we say to her, and from her ignorance of things of which she had previously informed us, that the time of her mesmeric sleep is afterwards an absolute blank to her. I asked her one evening lately, when she was in the deep sleep, what she would think of my publishing an account of her experience with my own—whether she would be vexed by it. She replied that she should like it very much; she hoped somebody would let her know of it, and show it to her—for, though she remembered when asleep everything she had thought when asleep before, she could not keep any of it till she awoke. It was all regularly 'blown away.' But if it was printed, she should like that.

To preserve this unconsciousness as long as possible, we have admitted no person whatever at our 'séances,' from the first day till now, who could speak to her on the subject. We shut out our minds at once; and we too have been the constant witnesses, with a visitor now and then, to the number of about twelve in the whole.

It is a memorable moment when one first hears the monosyllable, which tells that the true mesmeric trance has begun.—'Are you asleep?' 'Yes.' It is crossing the threshold of a new region of observation of human nature. Then it goes on—'How long shall you sleep?' 'Half an hour.'—'Shall you wake of yourself, or shall I wake you?' 'I shall wake of myself.'—And so she did on a second—no clock or watch being near, but the watch in my hand. For some weeks she could always see the time, and foretell her own waking; but of late, in manifesting some new capabilities, she has lost much of this.

"Nothing can induce her to say a word on a matter she is not perfectly sure of. She solemnly shakes her head, saying, 'I won't guess—it won't do to guess.' And sometimes, appealingly, 'I would tell you if I could.' 'I'll try to see.' 'I'll do all I can,' &c.

When sure of her point, nothing can move her from her declaration. Night after night, week after week, she sticks to her decisions, strangely enough sometimes, as it appears to us; but we are not aware of her ever yet having been mistaken on any point on which she has declared herself. We ascribe it to our having carefully kept apart the waking and sleeping ideas; for it is rare to find somnambules whose declarations can be at all confidently relied on. If any waking consciousness is mixed up with their sleeping faculties, they are apt to guess—to amuse their fancy, and to say anything that they think will best please their Mesmerist. J.'s strict and uncompromising truthfulness forms a striking contrast with the vagaries of hackneyed, and otherwise mismanaged somnambules.

It soon became evident that one of her strongest powers was the discernment of disease, its condition and remedies. She cleared up her own case first, prescribing for herself very fluently. It was curious to see, on her awaking, the deference and obedience with which she received from us the prescriptions with which she herself had just furnished us. They succeeded; and so did some of her efforts on my behalf.

I cannot here detail the wonderful accuracy with which she related, without any possible knowledge of my life ten and twenty years ago, the circumstances of the origin and progress of my health, of the unavailing use of medical treatment for five years, and the operation of Mesmerism upon it of late. One little fact will serve our present purpose better. Soon after she was first mesmerized, I was undergoing my final severance from opiates—a serious matter to one who had depended so long and so desperately upon them. As I have said, I got through the day pretty well; but the nights were intolerable, from pain and nervous irritations, which made it impossible to rest for two minutes together. After four such nights, I believe my Mesmerist's fortitude and my own would have given way together, and we should have brought the laudanum bottle to light again, but for the bright idea, 'let us ask J.' She said at once what my sufferings had been, and declared that I should sleep more and more by degrees, if I took—(what was as contrary to her own ordinary ideas of what is right and rational as to mine)—ale at dinner, and half a wine glass full of brandy in water at night. I refused the prescription till reminded—'Remember, she has never been wrong.' I obeyed; the fact being kept secret between us two, in order to try, every evening, J.'s knowledge and opinion. She always spoke and advised in a confident familiarity with incidents known only to us two, and carried me steadily through the struggle. I lost my miseries, and recovered my sleep, night by night, till at the end of the week, I was quite well, without stimulant or sedative. Nothing can be more remote from J.'s ordinary knowledge and thought than the structure of the human body, and the remedies for disease; and, though I was well aware how common the exercise of this kind of insight is in somnambules—how it is used abroad as an auxiliary to medical treatment—I was not the less surprised by the readiness and peremptoriness with which a person, in J.'s position, declared, and gave directions about things which she is wholly ignorant of an hour after, and was during the whole of her life before.

It is almost an established opinion among some of the wisest students of Mesmerism, that the mind of the somnambule mirrors that of the Mesmerist. Of course, this explains nothing of the operation of Mesmerism; but it is a supposition most important to be established or disproved. One naturally wishes to find it true, as it disposes of much that, with the hasty, passes for

revelation of other unseen things than those which lie in another person's mind. It certainly is true to a considerable extent as is pretty clearly proved when an ignorant child—ignorant, especially of the Bible—discourses of the Scriptures and divinity when mesmerized by a clergyman, and of the nebula when mesmerized by an astronomer, but we have evidence in J. that this is, though often, not universally true. I will give an example of each:—

On Saturday, October 12, she had told us that she now 'saw the shades of things' that she wanted to know, and that she should 'soon see clearer.' The next evening, she went into a great rapture about the 'gleams' becoming brighter, so that she should soon see all she wished. The light came through the brain,—not like sunlight, nor moonlight; 'No, there is no light on earth like this: the knowledge she got comes astonishingly,—amazingly,—so pleasantly!' 'How is the mesmerizing done which causes this?' 'By all the powers at once.' 'What powers?' 'The soul, and the mind, and the vital powers of the body.' Then, as we inquired—'The mind is not the same as the soul. All are required in mesmerizing, but the mind most, though Mesmerism is still something else.' 'Those three things exist in every human being, (the soul, the mind, and the body,) separate from one another; but the faculties belonging to them are not the same in everybody; some have more, some less. The body dies, and the mind dies with it; but the soul lives after it.' The soul is independent and self-existent and therefore lives for ever. It depends upon nothing.

Here I prompted the question, 'what then, is its relation to God?' She hastily replied, 'He takes care of it, to reunite it with the body at the day of judgment.' Here I was forcibly and painfully struck with the incompatibility of the former and latter saying, not (as I hope it is needless to explain), for any waiting on her lips for revelations on this class of subjects, but because it was painful to find her faculties working faultily. As I felt this disappointment come over me, an expression of trouble disturbed J's face, so ineffably happy always during her sleep. 'Stop,' said she, 'I am not sure about that last. All I said before was true—the real mesmeric truth. But I can't make out about that last; I heard it when I was awake.—I heard it when I was asleep.—I heard it in church,—that all the particles of our bodies, however they may be scattered, will be gathered together at the day of judgment; but I am not sure.' And she became excited, saying that 'it bothered her, what she knew and what she had heard being mixed up. Her Mesmerist dispersed that set of ideas, and she was presently happy again talking of 'the lights.' This was the occasion on which some traces remained in her waking state, and she told a fellow-servant that she had been dreaming and talking about the day of judgment.

Now here her mind seemed to reflect those of both her companions, (though I was not aware of being *en rapport* with her). Her Mesmerist had it in her mind that a somnambule at Cheltenham had declared man to consist of three elements; and J's trouble at her own mingling of ideas from two sources seems to have been an immediate echo of mine. Such an incident as this shows how watchful the reason should be over such phenomena and explains the rise of many pretensions to inspiration. It requires some self-control for the most philosophical to look on a person of moderate capabilities and confined education, in the attitude of sleep, unaware of passing incidents, but speaking on high subjects with an animated delight exceeding anything witnessed in ordinary life:—it requires some coolness and command of self to remember that what is said may be of no authority as truth, however valuable as manifestation.

On the next occasion, she uttered what could not possibly be in the mind of any one of the four persons present. The anecdote is so inexplicable, that I should not give it but for my conviction that it is right to relate the most striking facts that come under my observation, positively declining to theorize. My friend and I have used every means of ascertaining the truth in this instance; and we cannot discover any chink through which deception or mistake can have crept in, even if the somnambule had been a stranger, instead of one whose integrity is well known to us.

The next evening (Monday, October 14th,) J. did not come as usual to our *séance*. There was affliction in the household. An aunt of J's, Mrs. A., a good woman I have long known, lives in a cottage at the bottom of our garden. Mrs. A.'s son, J's cousin, was one of the crew of a vessel which was this evening reported to have been wrecked near Hull. This was all that was known, except that the owner was gone to Hull to see about it. J. was about to walk to Shields with a companion to inquire, but the night was so tempestuous, and it was so evident that no news could be obtained, that she was persuaded not to go. But she was too much disturbed to think of being mesmerized. Next morning there was no news. All day there were flying reports,—that all hands were lost,—that all were saved,—but nothing like what afterwards proved to be the truth. In the afternoon (no tidings having arrived) we went for a long drive, and took J. with us. She was with us, in another direction, till tea time; and then, on our return, there were *no* tidings; but Mrs. A. was gone to Shields to inquire, and if letters had come, she would bring the news in the evening. J. went out on an errand, while we were at tea,—no person in the place having then any means of knowing about the wreck; and on her return, she came straight up to us for her *séance*. Two gentlemen were with us that evening, one from America, the other from the neighbourhood. I may say here, that we note down at the moment what J. says; on this evening there was the additional security of my American friend repeating to me, on the instant (on account of my deafness,) every word as it fell.

J. was presently asleep, and her Mesmerist, knowing the advantage of introducing subjects on which the mind had previously been excited, and how the inspiration follows the course of the affections, asked, as soon as the sleep was deep enough, 'Can you tell us about the wreck?' J. tranquilly replied, 'Oh! yes, they're all safe; but the ship is all to pieces!'

'Were they saved in their boat?'

'No, that's all to pieces.'

'How then?'

'A queer boat took them off, not their boat.'

'Are you sure they are all safe?'

'Yes; all that were on board: but there *was* a boy killed. But I don't think it is my cousin.'

'At the time of the wreck?'

'No, before the storm.'

'How did it happen?'

'By a fall.'

'Down the hatchways, or how?'

'No, he fell through the rigging, from the mast.'

She presently observed, 'My aunt is below, telling them all about it, and I shall hear it when I go down.'

My rooms being a selection from two houses, this 'below' meant two stories lower in the next house.

She continued talking of other things for an hour longer, and before she awoke, the gentlemen were gone. After inquiring whether she was refreshed by her sleep, and whether she had dreamed, (No,) we desired her to let us know if she heard news of the wreck; and she promised, in all simplicity, that she would. In another quarter of an hour, up she came, all animation, to tell us that her cousin and all the crew were safe, her aunt having returned from Shields with the news. The wreck had occurred between Elsinore and Gottenberg, and the crew had been taken off by a fishing boat, after two days spent on the wreck, their own boat having gone to pieces. She was turning away to leave the room, when she was asked—

'So all are saved—all who left the port?'

'No, ma'am,' said she, 'all who were on board at the time: but they had had an accident before:—a boy fell from the mast, and was killed on the deck.'

Besides having no doubt of the rectitude of the girl, we knew that she had not seen her aunt,—the only person from whom tidings could have been obtained. But, to make all sure, I made an errand to the cottage the next morning, well knowing that the relieved mother would pour out her whole tale.—My friend and I encouraged her; and she told us how she got the news, and when she brought it to Tynemouth,—just as we knew before. 'How glad they must have been to see you at ours!' said I.

'O yes, ma'am,' and she declared my landlady's delight.

'And J.' said I.

'Ma'am, I did not see J.,' said she, simply and rapidly, in her eagerness to tell. Then, presently,—They told me, ma'am, that J. was up stairs with you.'

Two evenings afterwards, J. was asked, when in the sleep, whether she knew what she had related to us by seeing her aunt telling the people below! to which she replied, 'No; I saw the place and the people themselves,—like a vision.'

Such was her own idea, whatever may be the conjectures of others.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

EDWARD MURRAY.

The evening sun shone freely into the room where Edward Murray sat by the bedside of his dying child. Her sufferings had been long and severe; but now she slept calmly as an infant, one hand clasped in her father's, while her pale cheek rested on the other, half hidden by the long soft hair that floated over the pillow.

God only could know the bitterness of anguish that wrung the father's heart, as he looked upon that beloved face, and felt it would soon be hidden from him for ever. He was a man of reserved manners, and few knew the story of his life. It was whispered that a wife, whom he adored, had left him years before, and was—*worse than dead*; and it was well known that he seemed to care for nothing in the wide world, save the daughter over whose infancy and youth he had watched with tenderness like a mother's. He had never left her even for a day; he had renounced intercourse with friends and relations to live only for her; and now, there lay his idol, *dying*: he knew it, he felt it, and yet his eyes were dry, and his lips did not tremble as he murmured slowly, 'God bless her! she is my all, she has been my good angel: God bless her!'

He rejoiced in her calm sleep, and yet he longed for the time when she should wake and speak to him, for he felt her delirium was past. Oh! how cruelly the wandering of her pure and innocent mind had opened afresh the secret sorrows of her father! It was ever of her early childhood that she spoke, of the first home she remembered, of her long lost mother. Often would she start from her pillow, exclaiming that her mother was come, and mingling words of welcome and endearment with reproaches for her having delayed her coming so long. Little had Mr. Murray dreamed of the fondness with which his Helen had clung to that name so long unspoken; little recked he till then of the deep and passionate affection that made her unconscious tongue eloquent in addressing the vision of her fancy. Hour by hour he sat listening to her fond details of long past events; how she sat with her mother in the shadow of the old lime-tree watching for him; and again her joyous laugh rang out as she told of his coming, and of all he said as he clasped them both to his bosom; she told how she had knelt between them to pray, and again she uttered the very words of the first prayer her mother had taught her.

It was nearly sunset when Helen woke. Her eyes rested long and sadly on her father's altered face; and, at last, drawing him towards her, she laid her head on his bosom, and wept silently.

'What ails you, darling?' he said; 'you are better surely.'

'Yes, yes, I am better; but I see it all. I have almost broken your heart.'

'No, Helen, it is not you, dear child; you have been my comfort and my joy,' he exclaimed; 'you are so still.'

'I have been delirious, I know,' said Helen, and have spoken of things that must have tortured you.'

'It matters not, dear child. Do you think a day passes wherein I do not think of those things? What else has made me what I am? I have been a sad companion for you, Helen; but God knows I have loved you well.'

It was after a long silence that Helen spoke again.

'Let me,' said she, 'once, only once more speak of her. A day may come when, in bitter sorrow, she may ask your forgiveness. Sometimes I think of her,—pale, dying, broken-hearted,—praying you to say one kind word to her before she dies. Oh, father, dearest father! if that time should ever come, promise, for the sake of your child, who will then be in her cold grave, promise to forgive her!'

His voice was hoarse, but he replied calmly, 'Helen, I have long since forgiven her; but I promise you by all I hold sacred, if ever I hear of her in trouble or sorrow, I will do all she has left me the power to do, to comfort and relieve her.'

'God bless you for these words! I have prayed for her all my life, and now in my death, my last thoughts are for you and for her. Father, will you not pray with me?'

He knelt down and covered his face, while his child, calling up all her dying strength, poured forth a fervent prayer for the erring wife—the lost mother. To Edward Murray her voice was as the voice of an angel pleading for the fallen one in whom his heart had once delighted. His frame shook with the violence of his emotion, as that young voice, strong in the energy of faith and love, breathed its last prayer, uniting once more names that had long been sundered, and asking blessings on both. Helen's prayer was done, her spirit lingered awhile, and then fled for ever. At midnight, when the servants ventured to en-

ter the room, the father still held the fair young head on his bosom; but he knew she was dead, and, after he had laid her tenderly on the pillow, and kissed her cheek, he suffered them to lead him away without even a murmur.

His was a grief of which the world could know nothing. None heard him complain, none saw him weep; and yet there was that in his face, betraying more grief than tears or words could have expressed. He did all that he was asked to do; but it seemed that, if left alone, he would have mused on for ever, unconscious of all that passed around him. He did not see the dead again; but he followed her to the grave, and returned with a firm step to his solitary home.

A week—two—three weeks passed away, and still Mr. Murray remained in the same stupor of unspoken grief with which he had seen his last earthly hope fade from his arms for ever. He had no friends, and his servants, who had all loved poor Helen, though they pitied him, dared not speak of comfort. Once the nurse, who had tended Helen from her birth, came to beg he would rouse himself, but when he raised his calm, hopeless eyes, the words died on her lips, and she felt it could be but mockery to speak common phrases of consolation to one on whom had fallen the weight of a sorrow like his.

It chanced one evening, it might be a month after his child's death, as he paced the large chamber which had been her favourite sitting-room, his eye fell on her desk. He started, and turned hastily away; but returning soon to the table on which it stood, began to examine its contents. The first thing he touched was a paper covered with her own delicate hand-writing. He remembered the day she had sat there even where he stood now, and he had observed that she was writing unconsciously while conversing with him. Her own name and his were traced again and again on that paper, and he pressed it passionately to his lips. Then he found a copy of unfinished verses, sweet, and full of promise, breathing the fresh purity of her gifted, yet but half developed mind. Then there were some slight sketches made in the previous summer, and among them an attempted likeness of himself. He recollected the day she bade him sit for his picture, how wit and genius, or what seemed such to him, flowed from her tongue and lighted her smile. He could not bear to look at it, but turned over a few papers that remained in the desk. When he lifted the last he found beneath it a small agate box, the first gift he had ever offered to his wife, and given by her, as he now clearly remembered, to Helen, when she was a little child. He opened it, and within it was a long ringlet of dark hair. He knew whose hair it was; his heart grew young again as he looked upon it, and again his fair wife and his rosy child seemed near him, as they were when that ringlet was given to Helen by her young and happy mother. For a moment he forgot what had since happened, and then he glanced round the solitary room and shuddered at its dreary silence. Then came back to him the dying words of his only child, and the solemn promise he had made her, and once again his life had an object. He would seek out the wife who had forsaken him, tell her of that angel's prayer, and speak words of forgiveness to her before he died.

But that momentary excitement passed away, and left him sunk in a stupor yet sadder than before. Time passed on, winter gave place to spring, but the change of season brought no gladness to him. His spirit seemed for ever crushed, and his dull and silent life flowed on like a sluggish stream on which sunshine never fell. Helen died in the early winter. It was now late in spring. Edward Murray was alone, musing in the long, dim twilight that closed a day bright and lovely to all but him, when a step drew near his door, and in a few moments a woman, veiled and poorly clad, stood before him. He knew her at once, it was his long-lost wife. How many a time before his last grief fell upon him had he dreamed of meeting again that once beloved one till his tears fell fast from his eyes! how many a time had he turned pale and trembled when he discovered in some stranger a fancied resemblance to her! There was a time when such a meeting as this would have stirred the deep passions of his soul, but now it seemed scarcely even to surprise him. His dull gaze was unaltered as he looked on the face once so beautiful, but now, alas, how fearfully changed!

"Go—go, Adela," he said, at last, waving his hand,—"you are too late now; she is dead."

The sound of his voice appeared to reassure her, and she answered calmly as he had spoken,—

"I know you are desolate, and she is gone, else I had hardly dared to come. I could not have borne to see my child."

"Desolate, Adela, utterly desolate!" interrupted he; "you said the truth. She was my only joy; she had never deceived me; no blight had fallen on her pure heart, though there were not wanting those who could recall the mother's sin to cast shame on the daughter."

The words stung his listener to the soul, but she replied—

"Surely it was little that such as I could injure her!"

"You forget, Adela, all that a mother should be, and you were not. God help those who have to blush for a mother, as my Helen blushed for you."

"It is true, then, that she despised me? And yet how dearly she loved me once!"

"Those were blessed times, Adela," said Mr. Murray, "when Helen was a little child, and we were young, and I believed you loved me. I should have thought the grasp of those dear arms stronger than chains of iron to bind you to your home; those soft lips that called you, even in sleep—"

"Spare me, Edward, in mercy spare me!" exclaimed Adela; "thoughts like these drive me to madness. You know not all I have suffered since those days, or you would pity me even now. Fifteen years of sorrow, of anguish, of remorse, have brought me here, at last, to kneel before you, and pray you to forgive me, if you can."

"And it was for this, Adela, that you left me,—me, who loved you as my own soul, whose prayers, whose thoughts were all yours!"

"Yes," she replied, in a tone of utter despondency, "it was for this, and worse than this. I can look back on days, weeks, months of despair, such as you, even after looking on the grave of your child, cannot conceive. Edward, I was dear to you once, say you pity me now!"

"I do, Adela,—God knows I do. I knew the depths of your heart, and your capacity for suffering, and my heart has bled for you. I know that, though in your madness you fled from me, from my love, that would have sheltered you and protected you to your life's end, to him who—"

"No, Edward, not to him,—never to him!" exclaimed Adela, fervently "Since the hour I left your roof I have never seen his face,—never, so help me God!"

"And how have you lived, Adela? You had nothing; who has supported you?"

"I have toiled for my daily bread. Sometimes I was ill, and then the charity of strangers supported me for a while, and I recovered and toiled again. It

was but a scanty pittance that I could earn, but I felt it was too good for such as I. Oh! Edward," continued Adela in her deep, sad voice, "there is bitter punishment for our sins, even in this world."

"And had you no friends?" asked Mr. Murray.

"Not one. The poor people with whom I lodged were kind to me, and at first, seemed curious to know who and what I was; but their curiosity soon died away, and they left me alone to work and to weep as I liked."

"And this has been your life, Adela?" said Mr. Murray, looking mournfully on the wan face before him, for the veil had been drawn aside, and he could see all the havoc time had made; "fifteen long, weary years of sordid poverty and endless labour for one cherished as you had been,—you, my pride, my joy, the wife of my bosom! Oh! Adela, why was it thus?"

She bowed her head before him, and he continued:—

"And yet even this is far better than what I feared had been. Why did you hide yourself so utterly? My hand was ready to help you, though I might see you no more."

"I knew it, Edward, I knew it!" she cried, once more raising her eyes to his; "but I felt it was part of my punishment, nay, sometimes it seemed partly an expiation for my sin, that you should think even worse of me than I deserved. It was a dreadful life, dreadful in its utter solitude, and in the thousand remembrances that crowded about me day and night. Trifles long forgotten came back to me again in my remorse. All the bright moments of our early love, and the bliss of our married life, our partings, our meetings; all Helen's looks and smiles, and sweet broken words; they all came back, not to bless but to curse me. I who had been so happy, have for all these long years had nothing to mark the time save the dull ticking of the clock, the completion of some petty task, or the beginning of another."

Edward Murray's heart ached as he listened to those sorrowful words. At last he said, "And now, Adela, where are you going? why have you come here?"

"I have come here, Edward," she replied, "to kneel at your feet, and pray you to forgive me as you hope for forgiveness hereafter. I have come far to look on you once more, but I go now to a more distant country. Forgive me, Edward," she said, earnestly, as she fell on her knees before him; "for the sake of her who is an angel in heaven, forgive me, for I am dying!"

He trembled, and turned his face away to hide his emotion. She feared he rejected her petition and that fear in a moment overpowered the strength she had summoned, and she fell heavily on the floor.

In a moment he had raised her, had flung aside her bonnet and veil, and was chafing her temples as her head lay on his bosom. Her long hair, now white as snow, fell round her wan face, and yet there was something that bore resemblance to the bright Helen, the young girl cut off in her early bloom. That resemblance softened Edward Murray's heart and moistened his eye. "Adela!" he said, softly, "may God forgive you even as I do!" It seemed that she heard and understood his words, for she opened her eyes and raised them for a moment with a look of intense gratitude, that, to his dying day, Edward Murray could not forget. The eyelids sank again, and all was over.

A few days later, Edward Murray again stood beside an open grave, and saw a coffin, on which was inscribed no name, laid beside that of his only child. It was observed that he wept freely as the solemn words of the burial-service were uttered. There were many rumours afloat touching the stranger who was buried that day; but though the truth might be guessed, it was never told by him. A few days after that funeral, he gave orders for the sale of his house and furniture, and left for ever the neighbourhood in which, for many years, he had dwelt. It is said that the poor regretted him; but by the rich he had been little known, and was soon utterly forgotten. Those two silent graves were the only memorials he left, and they have sunk to the level of the surrounding sod.

INFLUENCE OF EDUCATION ON THE WEAR AND TEAR OF EARLY LIFE.

BY THOMAS TURNER, F.R.S., F.R.C.S.—[Concluded.]

Having thus disposed of the subject of physical education, I shall now enter on perception and moral culture. The routine of mental, or perceptive, moral, and intellectual education, is suggested to us by the successive development of the parts of the nervous system, which are respectively implicated in these purposes. The nerves of organic life are developed first, because the body requires to be nourished and to grow, whence the ganglionic system, or the nerves of the stomach, the heart, the lungs, and other nutrient organs, are first formed. The spinal marrow, and the nerves of motion and sensation, and the parts subservient to instinct, are next developed, whence the powers to move instinctively, to see, to hear, to smell, to feel, and to perform certain instinctive acts exist, though not so perfect as they afterwards become, from the impulse of the exercise of these faculties, and other natural causes. After the spinal marrow, and the nervous masses subservient to sense and instinct have been formed, the hemispheres of the cerebrum, the supposed seat of reason and volition, which, in their incipient condition, are hollow vesicles, placed in the anterior part of the range, as exhibited in this plan—(Mr. Turner referred to a coloured drawing)—their substance being to be filled up by a deposit of brainular substance, which gradually becomes extended from before to behind, and eventually covers over the nervous masses in the base of the anterior, middle, and finally the posterior part of the skull. Thus the seats of the higher moral feelings, of association, and of the other intellectual faculties, are successively perfected, after the organic, sensorial and instinctive organs, are formed. How useful is the lesson thus taught to parents and teachers! and how sure the guide to education, which these facts, connected with structural development, afford! for although the essence of mind is not material, the means of the manifestation of instinct and intelligence are so. It would be vain for us to estimate the power of a sense, without inquiring into the state of the organ which manifests it—yet the organ is not the sense; so it is with mental phenomena; the organs of the mind are not the essence of thought, but all that we know of mind, with our feeble intelligence, is that which it has pleased the Creator to divulge to his creatures through the medium of observation on structure. We know nothing without studying the instruments of relation, and here we observe a correspondence so marked, that we cannot refuse, as physiologists, to assent to the fact, that the powers of the mental faculties are, *ceteris paribus*, rendered cognizable to us by their material investments. This subject remains, however, to be further considered in a subsequent part of our inquiry. Before a certain period the powers of life are wholly employed in the development of organization; but the time may be supposed as having now arrived, when the nascent sensorial, instinctive, and intellectual organs are, in their turn, to be called into action. This period is at birth, when moral training must be commenced. Dr. Barlow, who has written an able article on Physical Education, states, what I be-

lieve to be perfectly true, that from the hour of birth the infant is a moral being, and subject to moral laws; and that it is the duty of those who are responsible for its culture, to see that those laws are not infringed upon, since mental excitement in a child will disturb the functions of life. And he says, what may not be supposed, but is nevertheless true, that infants possess several propensities and passions of great activity; and, as neither the countervailing sentiments, nor the intellectual powers by which they are to be controlled in after life, are at this age equally developed, it is the more incumbent on those who govern them, to regulate, on sound principles, the dispositions which they display. It is to be remembered, that the senses are at birth awake to external impressing agents; the instincts are active, the child being now under the government of instinct only. But with the progress of development, and exercise, the errors of perception are corrected, the adapting power of the eyes, the ears, and the organ of touch, become more precise, and the instincts are in full vigor; and now is arrived the time when the education of the sensorial and instinctive faculties must be carefully entered upon, with a view to render the individual not only a sentient but at length an intelligent being. And this the first stage of moral education, which is the most important of all the periods of life, must be conducted under the vigilant surveillance of the mother of the child. It is stated by Coleridge, "in the education of children, love is first to be instilled, and out of love obedience is to be educed;" a truism which few will have the hardihood to deny, and ought certainly to be considered as one of the fundamental principles of mental culture. I contend that the nursery is the place where moral education is to be begun, and the mother is the first natural instructor of her child. The mother's love, affection, and sympathies for her offspring, are of a more delicate and endearing character than those of the father. A child in a condition of nature, and indeed in civilized life, is a helpless individual, as its organic and animal functions (especially the latter) are in a mere embryo state of existence; to be developed if taken care of and cultivated; but to be destroyed if neglected. It is truly remarked by the eminent Buffon, "that if a child be abandoned at the age of three years, it must infallibly perish;" as, before the expiration of this period, there is but a dawn of intellect, and but little reason to guide its instincts; where the necessity of long-continued intercourse between the mother and her child. During infancy, the latter is being benefited by the caresses and affectionate chidings of the former; by signs and words, and bright example, virtue is inculcated and vicious propensities corrected; and thus, under the auspice of maternal solicitude, the sensorial and instinctive faculties are cultivated upon proper principles until the ray of intelligence bursts forth, and the dawn of the morning of life is followed by reason, which though weak at first, in comparison with instinct, goes on increasing and increasing, until, after long training, it becomes instinct's master. The superintendence of the education of the developing infant's mind is not only the mother's right but the mother's duty; she owes it to her child! and it devolves upon her imperatively to take care, by the selection of judicious and trustworthy assistants, that her moral training shall not be frustrated by counteractive agency. It too often happens, that the scenes exhibited, the language spoken, and the temper manifested in the nursery, do but ill accord with those sentiments in which the judicious parent would wish to discipline her child. This circumstance is to be much regretted; for, as the first stage of education is naturally imitative; as the inlets to the mind of an infant are the senses of seeing, and hearing, and feeling; and as there exist at this season of the mind's development no internal monitor, no corrective influence to determine what is right and what is wrong; as the imitative faculty is keenly prone to copy every thing in language, and in conduct, why may not the child be taught as easily to believe that vice is goodness, and virtue evil, and that lying is not a moral delinquency, because the nurse is vicious in her demeanour, and tells untruths. The correction of these nursery grievances, it will be said, must rest with the mother; but what good reason is there for permitting matters to be such, that what the child learns in the nursery he shall have to unlearn in the parlour? A system of action and counteraction like this may end well, but there is eminent risk of its doing otherwise; and, to say the least, the poor child's mind is, by this mode of procedure, kept in perpetual vacillation between extremes; and thus becomes a moral sufferer. Consistency or inconsistency of character in the mother will make or mar her offspring, as exemplified in two very eminent writers and favorites of the day in which they lived; and offering vivid proofs how much the future destiny of children is in the hands of their parents. One of these distinguished authors had a mother who felt the duties she owed to her only child, and the most prominent of these was to prepare him for heaven. His opening affections, she knew, would fix on some object, and she was anxious that they should receive a right direction. His mother died young; but the recollection of her excellent advice and example suggested to her son the necessity of parental duty, and how much depends on the early training of the mind in proper motives; and this great man's conduct through life has been handed down to us as worthy of the most devoted imitation. In the other distinguished individual, how great the contrast! How reversed both the parent and the son! The former not only neglected her duty, but misgoverned her child; his mighty energies and fine imagination were allowed to take their own course without control; and the example of the mother in fits of vehement passion, in irreligion, in irresponsibility as a being to the God who made her, had their image in her son. The celebrated Gibbon has very affectingly acknowledged the obligation he owed to his aunt, whom he designated "the mother of his mind;" and a modern favourite author, in dedicating a work to his mother, speaks of her as "the guardian of her sons, and that any success they have severally attained in the paths they have chosen, would have its principal sweetness in the thought, that such success was the reward of one whose hand aided every struggle and whose heart sympathised in every care." These instances, and others which might be adduced, are bright encouragements to mothers to discharge their duty. Let it never be forgotten, then, that children are creatures of imitation; and the higher the standard, therefore, of excellence presented to their observation, the better chance there will be of happiness to them and all connected with them. In education, we must address ourselves to those faculties that are first awakened by nature; the judgment, at an early age, is, as we have said, inactive; whence instincts to be diverted from evil into proper channels of goodness, require the stimulus of good example. It must be conceded, then, that the first principles of education rest for their inculcation with the mother; as it is to her that nature has delegated the responsible office of nurturing the morals of her child. She it is who can best discern the bias of her infant's temper—she soon discovers the means which suit him best, and easily interposes her tender but salutary check string. The mother easily detects the differences of disposition and mind which mark her children, and meets them by appropriate modifications of acknowledged principles of education; she finds, from experience, that the treatment required in some will fail in other cases; the discrimination rests with her, and she soon perceives that a difference of soil demands a difference in cultivation. "The

agricultural improver," as mentioned by the accomplished Mrs. Hamilton, "who on the northern side of the Grampian Hills should implicitly adopt the plan of husbandry laid down by the Devonshire farmer, would have but sorry crops. In vain would he boast that his plough was of the same construction—that his furrows were of equal depth—and that he had, in spite of frost and snow, of storm and tempest, committed the seed to the reluctant bosom of the earth on the appointed day: of his labours, of his toil, the sole reward would be mortification, and disappointment. But if, instead of proceeding by rules adapted to a more genial climate, and more benignant soil, the northern agriculturist had directed his attention to the nature of soils in general, with all their particular modifications; if he had studied the temperature of the region in which he lived; and carefully proved the principles he thus acquired, by the test of observation and experience, he would then have 'sown in hope and reaped in joy;'" and these we believe will be the fruits, in most instances, of that discipline which maternal affection and solicitude suggest—which they can best enforce—can best regulate, and can most justly and most efficiently exercise in controlling the instinctive conduct, and the early intellectual development of the child. In taking a review of these observations on moral culture, it will be observed, that education consists in a proper discipline of the mind, in presenting to it correct and truthful images of surrounding objects; on which are based the ideas; for all ideas and notions of what is good and what is evil in men, manners, and things, result from sensations and imitation, influenced in some measure by the natural bias of the mind. The speculations which a fertile imagination will invent, and on which it loves to dwell, may divert the mind from the path which sober thought has pointed out as the road to greatness and to happiness. Still it may not be a less sure way to both, if the preliminaries receive their due amount of attention, and the mind has been well disciplined in them. The intercourse of varieties of minds contributes much to the improvement of our species, the increase of our pleasures and usefulness, and the attainment of the great ends of our existence, for, as observed by the eminent and pious Dr. Abercrombie, "wide is the field of truth in which the mind may have occupation at once the most instructive and the most interesting. From the planet revolving in its appointed orbit to the economy of the insect which flutters in the sunbeam, it will find matter for studying, with increased admiration and wonder, the perfections of Him of whom they witness." The nursery, or first stage of perceptive and moral training, commences with the birth of the child, and may be continued till the 7th year; when he may be supposed to have passed the period of infancy, and although still a child, his mind has been so far tutored in perception, and in the moral feelings, that a foundation has been laid, whereon discipline of a rather more rigid kind may be enjoined, compatibly with the more advanced condition of development in the instinctive and intellectual masses of the nervous system; but still, in reference to the intellect, little more must be attempted beyond the guiding of the mind in the right path of inquiry; and fixing the attention upon proper objects of taste and of the natural sciences; and of these, natural history stands pre-eminent in usefulness; since it is of vast moral import, that children should soon be made acquainted with the world of which they are inhabitants, and all things in it with which through life they must be more or less associated. This, the second stage of moral discipline, may extend to the 10th year, and be conducted by a judicious tutor, acting under judicious parental superintendence. At the 10th year, and extending from this period to puberty, or the 14th year, the mind may be exercised in the first stage of intellectual culture. It is not to be supposed, that, because the youth has not entered on the grammatical study of Latin and Greek before this time, that the reflecting and reasoning faculties have been lying fallow, wholly idle, or at rest; they have been occupied and excited in a degree quite adequate to their powers, during the antecedent stage of education, in observation, and in correcting the errors of perception and instinct; and thus training the judgment in the path of truth and accuracy, for the higher appliances of the knowledge obtained through the medium of sense, and moral discipline. The second stage of intellectual culture must extend from the 14th year to the final accomplishment of the object aimed at by the student, in conformity with his projected destiny in life. And here opens the wide expanse of inquiry involved in the education of the sexes, in varieties of taste, talent, and mental capacity, and the modes of adapting and modifying general principles to suit each particular case. It is well observed by the author of the "Physical Theory of Another Life," "that mind in its first stage of combination with matter, exercises only the lowest of its faculties, and is long little more than merely passive; but it gains every day upon the conditions of animal life; exerts more and more of its inherent powers, mechanical and rational; and, at length, not only governs, in a spontaneous manner, its immediate body; but so diverts and controls the powers of the material world, as to make itself, in a sense, master of nature, and to serve itself of nature's laws." But, whilst we consider mind in this elevated point of view, and as capable of conferring great secular and social advantages, it has an association transcendently more elevated and momentous still; it is its exalted prerogative, and its higher purpose of raising man above the level of this visible world; and in being the staple link which connects him with the Rock on which he builds his hope of future happiness.—Mr. Ferris, who was very indistinctly heard, was understood to state, that he knew the case of a boy who had learned Latin at the age of four years, dying in consequence of mental excitement before he was seven years old.—Mr. Turner should say, that seven years was the very earliest period at which the intellectual education of a child should be commenced. He could bring forward innumerable instances to show, that no time was really saved or gained by this over-early culture. Children were constantly receiving a natural education; they saw, heard, smelled, tasted, felt, and in this way their sensations were perfected, and their instincts were educated; and by limiting them to this education, their intellect would gradually ripen to take in efficiently any thing presented to the mind requiring the association of ideas, comparison, the exercise of reason and judgment; and then, these faculties being ripe for the task of intellectual culture, they would undertake and accomplish it in a shorter period of time. It was recommended by Julien, a French writer, that intellectual education should not be commenced till the child had attained its tenth year,—that he should be educated morally but not intellectually. There was a great difference of opinion as to the time of commencing education; but he (Mr. Turner) should say, we might exercise the mind of a child perceptively by teaching it the forms and characters of external objects, and that this constitutes the first duty of the preceptor, after the child has been in some measure released from the trammels of infancy. And in this way the higher moral impression made upon the child is a preparation for still higher impressions to be hereafter made, and which will produce reaction in the mind, in consequence of the judgment or reasoning powers of the individual.—Mr. Ferris mentioned a case of two boys, one instructed in Greek and Latin from the age of nine years, and another whose instruction was deferred till twelve years, but possessing more than the average standard of mind and intellect. In two years

he certainly made as much progress as the boy who commenced the study at the age of nine years. If the education of children were turned to those subjects in which the perceptive organs could be brought into play, as for instance chemistry; a general knowledge of botany or a knowledge of plants, without being puzzled with the nomenclature; drawing landscapes, &c.—in these things it would be found they took great interest; whereas they took very little in those subjects in which the intellect alone was concerned, because they required a power of comparison and of reasoning to which we could hardly bring a child.

Mr. Turner having spoken of the hemispheres of the brain as being the seat of reason, some might say, "This leads to materialism." The great objection broached against phrenology was that it led to materialism, to fatalism, to the doctrine of necessity.—"You have it, and you cannot correct it, but must act according to its impulses." Nothing could be more erroneous than this. Though not to the fullest extent of the word a phrenologist, he believed the principles of phrenology to be true. He believed that the brain was the organ of the mind; that it was not a simple but a compound organ, and formed of parts destined to perform different functions. But what is it? A mere instrument of manifestation, after all. It was not the essence of mind, but a body of matter which God had placed in connection with the essence of mind, to give to his creatures an opportunity of discerning the beauties of nature, and of being thus attracted to himself. Without such an instrument as the brain, there would be no power of manifestation of mind; and, therefore, when he spoke of the brain as the organ of mind, he meant to say that the brain, in reference to the essence of mind, was just what organization was to life,—the same as vision to the eye. The eye was not the sense of seeing, but the organ of manifesting that sense; and so of the other organs of sense. So was it with the brain. Here was a material form to subserve our material purposes during our material existence. But all this had to be changed. By and bye matter would be disunited from this essence, and then it would assume a more elevated form. He was glad of the opportunity to repel certain aspersions which had been cast upon the study of the brain with reference to mind. What was it which to day could impel a mother to destroy the child which yesterday she loved devotedly? Was it a change in the essence of mind? Assuredly not; but a perverted condition of the organ of manifestation of that mind. What was insanity? It always had disease for its basis; but it was not the essence of the mind that was diseased, but only the organ of manifestation. This had been shown by cases in which from accident, as a blow on the head, a fractured skull, insanity had immediately ensued. Mr. Turner then referred to some interesting cases as evidence of what he had just stated, and as inculcating the importance of teachers being, to a certain extent, phrenologists, and understanding the temperaments of children, in order to treat them correctly, and upon right and sound principles. A boy of a phlegmatic or a bilious temperament would not be much hurt, perhaps, by a flogging, because it would only impel him. Still he would say "Don't flog him; avoid corporal punishment; encourage him." But if a boy of sanguine temperament were flogged, there was danger of the blood rushing to the head and proving exceedingly injurious. Even in emulation, such a boy, rather than allow his playfellow to be a match for him would go on in mental exertion till excitement impelled the blood towards the head, so as to bring on disease and even death. Thus it would not do for a master or teacher to treat one boy just as he would another. The case of the two brothers, to which he alluded, and should again have to allude, was one showing how the power of the mind might be perverted, and altogether changed.—even from affection to hatred, not arising from any change of the essence of mind; but merely by an injury to the organs which render the consciousness of mind manifest to us.—(Applause.)

Dr. Lyon Playfair said, he might perhaps be allowed to give a few statistics of schools. He had lately been endeavoring to find whether the disease and mortality of schools were greater than amongst boys dwelling at home. If the wear and tear were very great among infants at school, we should expect to find a great per centage absent from infant schools; but the highest he had found was six per cent absent, where the children lived in good houses of the parents; but where the school was badly situated, or the physical condition of the children different, he had found a considerable per centage of absentees. He had found as much as seventy per cent of sickness amongst children living in cellars and attending the same infant school, where there was only six per cent absent of those living in houses. In other schools, well ventilated and with good play grounds, he had only found 2.3 per cent of sickness; and, in the same school, there was of those who lived in cellars, 4½ per cent of sickness. This was a rather larger per centage than the sickness of the working classes generally. The sickness of boys between the ages of twelve and fifteen attending schools, varied from 3 per cent to 5.9 per cent. The general per centage of sickness amongst the working classes was about three per cent; so that the per centage of sickness amongst children attending these schools was not much greater than that of the working classes generally. He did not bring this forward in opposition to any of Mr. Turner's statements, which bore more upon the mind than the body, but merely mentioned them as interesting statistical facts. He had examined the books of a number of sick clubs attached to the schools, where they supplied coffins, and found the mortality considerably lower than among children living at home. Of course his inquiries were chiefly among the labouring class. Among gentlemen's children, accustomed to well ventilated schools and apartments, sickness at school was not greater than at home.—Mr. D. Noble thought it impossible to keep the intellect of an intelligent child absolutely passive, and supposed that Mr. Turner's objection applied to forced and strained exertion, such as the getting of tasks; and if so, then it would be injurious, not merely at seven or ten years of age, but at any period.—Mr. Ferris said, that though it might not apply in the same degree to voluntary excitement, yet that also was often fatal. In the case he had mentioned of the boy who learned Latin at the age of four, and died before he was seven years of age, the great difficulty was to keep him back.—Mr. Turner, in reference to Dr. Playfair's observations, said he could hardly conceive there could be any great amount of wear and tear going on in schools of the class alluded to. The great advantage of infants' schools consisted in children being removed from their homes, while their mothers were engaged at the factory; for, in the infants' schools, they were under the surveillance of proper persons, who took charge of their morals, and kept them out of mischief; and it was certain that the amount of education they received there could not be injurious either to the development of mind or body. Those schools (provided the morals of the children were properly cared for) could only do great good. In reference to Mr. Noble's observations, he repeated that education, if properly conducted, without exciting the brain to premature development, or so as to produce what parents might be proud of, and soon have to mourn as lost—a precocious child; if the mind were not unduly exercised, there was great advantage in its exercise from the age of eight, nine, or ten years. Inju-

ry resulted from its being over-excited, and allowed to over-act. When the impulse communicated gave rise to a more rapid development of the brain than was compatible with nature's laws—for every thing premature was destined soon to decay, and every thing precocious was, to a certain extent, diseased; it must sooner or later—and in most cases very soon—bring about a premature dissolution.—A Gentleman asked if Mr. Turner would allow a child under seven to learn the lower rules of arithmetic.—Mr. Turner: Do you mean "two and two are four?" The Querist: Yes, and even up to addition.—Mr. Turner said, he should not consider that, or any slight exercise of the memory, injurious; for while he condemned all attempts to over-excite the brain, he would say, on the other hand, if it were allowed to lie wholly fallow, it must inevitably degenerate. The power would become defective if not duly exercised; but its exercise must be only so far as is compatible with the dictates of nature, and the laws of development and organization. In reference to the health of children, care should be taken not to feed them too much, and to give them plenty of air and exercise, and what were strangely called the "non-naturals."

Mr. Ferris asked what were the appearances over of the brain at death, in precocious children.—Mr. Turner said, it was very probable, that from over excitement the vessels became turgid; that the vascularity of the brain was most materially increased; and of course, in some cases, they died in the inflammatory or excited stages; but the effects of over-action of the brain were not always manifested in early life; but the foundations of mischief were then laid, which would be developed at a latter period. He referred to a case of the young man mentioned by Zimmerman, who became fatuous from studying metaphysics. So that from over excitement in early youth, the brain in later life became fatuous, exhausted in its powers, and the individual never recovered. He knew several distressing instances of that kind.—The Chairman having announced that the hour for closing had arrived, the *conversazione* then closed.

GLIMPSSES IN THE MOUNTAINS.

* * * As I sat panting on the green, I heard a rustling as of leaves nigh hand, and, turning about, discovered a clump of laurels strangely growing alone on the slope of the hill, with no vegetation near, more than the heather and the moss grass. Presently I saw an old man, leading a child by the hand, pass out, who turned round with a monitory gesture as to one left within. He was dressed in deep black, and his grey hair hung, from beneath a broad hat, round a countenance of foreign appearance, dark and mournful. The child was the fairy of the well, and looked, beside him, like a peep of blue sunny sky beneath a cloud. They went down together to the shore, and, from among the laurels, I heard a sweet sad voice, singing very mournfully. The words were sad and wild as the voice:

O, part the curtains from her bed,
O part them, till I see
The dream that hath my fancy fed
Interpreted to me.
Dim let the lights o' the chamber be,
And flitting shadows fall
All shimmering so dreamily,
So ghostly, on the wall.

I was awake and dreamed a dream;
I dreamed I was asleep
For years, and then I felt a gleam
Within my bosom creep,
So still the pearl-pale streamers leap
In Lapland's darksome noon,
Among the stars, above the deep,
About the crescent moon.

And, by that light informed, I woke
And knew myself to be
A living soul, and that it broke
To set my spirit free.
I knew it came alone from thee,
So full of light thou art,
I knew it came alone for me,
To dwell about my heart.

And then I slept and dreamed a dream;
I dreamed I was awake—
For aye the holy night did seem,
And never a morn did break,
While evermore that light did make
Within, a pleasant shine,
It was a gloomy deed to take
So sweet a light as mine.

The lovely light—the light of love,
The phantasy hath fled,
And the stealing dream that from above
Within my bosom bred.

O, part the curtains from her bed,
O, part them, till I see
The dream that hath my fancy fed
Interpreted to me.

A cold closed lip, a cold closed eye,
They cannot kiss nor weep:
The sexton, in the churchyard by,
Keeps delving, dark and deep,
A charnel keep for love's long sleep,
O fold the curtains o'er,
And quench the lamps, for I will sleep
Nor dream for ever more.

Following the sound, I walked towards the laurels, and saw a pale, ghastly female as I entered. She turned round for an instant and looked me full in the face, with such a countenance as if death had lighted the lamp of beauty in her eyes. A sable mantle covered her closely, and I saw it clasped with a winged serpent. She glided out of sight, and I found an open space within the laurels, thickly covered above and around with leaves, through which a twilight coming in showed me Nanny, the crone of the cave in Red Bay, sitting close on the ground, with her chin between her knees.

"Are you alone?" she asked anxiously, and suddenly starting to her feet.

"I am."

"How came you here? did you see any one else?"

"I am tired of racing after those giants you saw me with last night; and while I rested here I heard a song, and I saw an old man with a child walk the glen."

"No one else?"

"Yes; a lady just now left you."

"Well, if you're tired, try this," she said, producing the horn. I shook it, and found it full. The draught was most refreshing. New blood flamed through me. It was no bull's horn, but that of Amalthea; sovereign Moly, soft Nephenthe. The leaves gleamed purple, and green, and gold. She placed it to her lips, and blew a rousing call, and the boughs danced to the music.

Two hounds, as black as darkness, bounded, baying, to her feet, and their eyes glared an impatient fire; they snuffed the soil, and stood, eager, on the brink of a large aperture beside me, from which oozed out a thin smoke, and hung like a canopy above us. Suddenly I heard a snorting sound and an ink-black steed, dropped with foam, thundered up behind the hounds and stood, with quivering mane and heaving flanks, between us.

"Mount and away!" she cried.

I sprang on his back and, as she blew both loud and long, away we dashed down into the earth.

"Well done, Satan!" she shouted after, and I was borne on into the gloom like the wind, with the baying of the hounds before me. On and on we flew, and a sound was in my ears like the rushing of rivers, and the roar of tempests, and the wail of the oceans. Ever and anon I felt the furious steed beneath me leaping over tremendous chasms, his hoofs ringing as he struck the ebony floor; and the hounds bayed on as we swept into the bowels of the mountain.

We flew through a broken hill, and I saw before me a grim light, as of a monstrous cauldron belching up flame and smoke. The sky overhead, broad and wide, was black as the ground we trod on, and in the midst a rayless sun hung, like a well of solitary light that cast no beam.

I saw Coul Goppagh beside the cauldron, evoking demons, and ever, as he waved his arms, they arose in the flames and sped away till they were lost in the solid gloom of the firmament. The hounds and the steed stood still. He beckoned me, and I approached him. He waved his arm, and I fell prone beside him at the cauldron. He dipped his hand and sprinkled me with flame. I felt my jaws enlarging and my limbs, prolonged for many an ell, weltered on the ground; I felt huge wings spreading from my back, and breathed out sulphureous steam. The foremost hound dashed at me with open jaws, and his fellow followed in full cry.

"Hark to Bloodshed! Hark to Woe! Hark away!" shouted he, as he sprang on the fire-eyed steed, and away. I floundered on my sounding wings, with the hounds of hell behind me, yelling like Fate and Fear, and Horror riding after. Inevitable pursuers. I sped on and on in vain. Gulphs disappeared beneath me as I flew, but they came roaring behind. Over murky hills and vales, but still the hunter followed. I soared up into the dark sky, but there, with flaming mouths, their heads, erected, snuffed the air, and I felt like a dove in the eye of the basilisk. With despair I struggled on, and my own breath choked me as I flew. I was in the jaws of Bloodshed, Woe was deep with burning fangs into my throat, when I saw before me a sea that had no further shore and, with a bound I rose from my destroyers, and floated over the brink. Every wave was a mountain and a volcano, and tumbled cataracts of fiery foam around. Blind and giddy, I drooped and fell, and died in tossing fires, the prey of unborn earthquakes.

"He is dead," said one.

"No," said another, "his heart is beating."

"Perhaps he is drunk," said a third. "Let us carry him up the hill."

I was borne upwards for a while. Then we rested—then again we went slowly forward; and at last one said:—

"How heavy he is, to be sure. Thank God we're at the top! Let us lay him down here."

"Not in that cauldron!" said I, plunging violently; "not in that fire, among all the devils!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" rang in my ears. I looked up and saw Glenstachey and Ton Dubh, bending over me. I was lying on a heathy sward, and three countrymen stood by, wiping their brows.

"Where are they?" I asked.

"Who?"

"Bloodshed and Woe."

"Ha, ha, ha!" said Glenstachey.

"And where," said I, gazing down at my limbs, and feeling my back,—

"where are my —"

"Senses," said Ton Dubh.

"My wings!" I said.

"Ha, ha, ha!" said Glenstachey. "Surely he has not found the horn again."

At this accursed word, remembering dimly of my draught with Nanny, I resolved not to utter a word.

"Who are those grinning clowns?" I asked, looking at the sweating bumpkins who stood near.

"Three honest men," said Ton Dubh, "who carried you up the mountain with infinite stress. Where did you find him, boys?"

"Please your honour," said one man, "we heard a snoring among the bushes below, and when we went in he was lying like dead, so we thought he was one of you, as we saw him with Coul Goppagh," he added, touching his hat, "over the hills in the morning, and carried him up."

"There's half-a-crown for you," said I: "but don't believe a word of it," I added in an under tone.

"Did you see anything of a horn?" asked Ton Dubh.

"Only old Nanny, crippling down the glen," said the rascal.

"Yo-ho! steady!" said Glenstachey. "But here comes Coul."

I looked askance on his countenance, inwardly trembling at my remorseless hunter, and expecting to behold the fiend. But his face was calm, and as he came on I heard him murmuring to himself, and his words became audible as he advanced and looked down the swelling side of Lurig Edan:—

Some sweeping surge in chaos, thou,—

The Word of God came past,

And ere the wrecking crest could bow

It suddenly stood fast.

Like billows bursting on the shore

That rise to break again,

Tieve Boulla's brow hangs glooming o'er

The long-retreating glen.

See where the stricken anarchy, still,
The frowning Trostan stands,
And yet, o'er many a sullen hill,
Is scowling on his bands.

As we unbound our knapsacks and spread our table on the heath, I tried in vain to discover the fires of Tophet in that deep calm eye. Nevertheless I asked him of caves, and dragons, and night-black steeds.

"I have ridden so," he said, dubiously surveying me, "in dreams, and there is often more truth in dreams, than waking. There is no deeper hell than a villain's conscience; no fairer paradise than the heart of innocence. I have seen wonders in these hills, and so may you. I never see the mountains round me but I think my bones are rock, and these wild locks seem to grow green as heath, and bloom round my temples, and my blood sings through my heart, like a stream down the ravine." Here I drew a long breath in his flask.

"I AM A MOUNTAIN!" he shouted, rising from the sod; and I saw him grow up to the very heavens, pines and cedars waved around his shoulders, and the sun hung setting on his crown. Out of his mouth ran rivers, and his limbs of whinstone overstrode the plain. A torrent, leaping out, hurried me down; and I opened my eyes to see Glenstachey spilling water from his flask on my face. They all sat round finishing their repast.

"Son of Slumber!" he said, "wilt thou sleep and dream for ever?"

"Sleep!" said I, "would that I could sleep! Spawn of all weeds that grow and pollute the world, what conjurations are here! As many devils as there are seeds on the docks in Ulster, are here. What horns, what cruikens full of demons have I not drank from. I have seen rocks changed into men, and men into rocks: I have been abused with infernal mothers in caves, and withered skeletons: I have been thundered into hell by Thor and Odin: hunted as a dragon into the belly of earthquakes: and—"

"And Nanny's horn into your own," said Glenstachey.

"Try this," said Coul Goppagh handing me the flask.

The liquor was clear and fragrant. I drank it down; and he arose with the words to approach the brow of the mountain. I started up to follow; but gazing after, I saw nothing but a hare scudding over the heather in the way he departed.

"Where is Coul Goppagh?" said I to Ton Dubh and Glenstachey, who remained seated beside me.

"Never mind him," they replied; "for he has errands of his own in these hills."

"Hum," I said. "Unless he sinks into the earth, he must have gone there;" and with the words I flung a piece of turf where the hare squatted beside a tuft of heath.

She made a bound or two, and squatted again, with her scut turned towards us, and her ears flat back, while I could see her staring eyes attending to my movements.

The evening was coming fast; and a dense mist, creeping upward, hid the sea and all the plains, gradually leaving the mountain tops far and wide around us like dark, solitary islands on some unvisited ocean—on one of which we sat as if shipwrecked and cast away from the world. The peaks narrowed and darkened as it ascended; while every object, even those unseen before, waxed and magnified in the dim gleam of the descending sun. Bushes of heath rose up like ghastly trees, ridged against the inclosing vapour like the outline of dim forests. Little banks and stones grew to great hills and rocks; the space around me edged in closer and closer, till I seemed standing at last on one crag of a multitude, amid a boundless and encroaching sea. I looked around me, and saw no track—nothing but a pathless waste. My companions were invisible, and I heard no sound of voice or motion near.

"I shall be lost," I shouted. "Ho! Hill-o-o! where are ye?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" returned to my ears faint and dull in the gross air; and the sound had a fiendish mockery. It was not to be referred to any place, but ran round the horizon, dying almost as it rose.

"Hillo-o-o! —here! —this way! Hillo-o-o!" I roared once more, but fainter and duller, and all around, and at last dying quite away in accents such as the successful fiend assumes to welcome his weary guests into their long-sought perdition, came back only that hideous sound.

"Ha, ha, ha,—ha, ha, ha!"

"This way!" I cried again—"come back! —here! Ho! I shall be lost!"

But no voice replied, only the endless sounding of the surf on the rocky coast far down; and so I stood there, afraid to turn, least I should fall plumb over some horrid precipice. I could well believe it the roar of that wide waste around; and there I was a pilgrim in the ocean of the air, a prisoner in the sky. Every moment the halo round the unseen sun sank lower and lower, and deeper darkness gathered round me. I sat down, and felt with my hands all round for the brow of the great cliffs, near which I knew we had been sitting. I crept about, and stretched out one hand, holding hard to the soil with one behind; but nothing met my touch only cold, damp heath. I stood up, and gazed intently around, but only saw the same cold, dull circle darkening and lessening. At last I had lost all sense of place and direction, and in mortal fear of tumbling headlong to destruction, I stood stock still.

Just then I thought I observed a glimmer near me, and turning my head, saw, hard by, the hare still squatting. She was sideways towards me now; and as her ears lay back, her eyes fell full on me unlike any thing of life. They were dull, red fire, and the sprigs of grass around were ruddy in the light. I stooped to lift a stone, but a faint "Ha, ha, ha!" petrified my arm, and her sides panted, as if with devilish laughter.

The sunbeams were now level with the horizon, and the vast circle of dim orange glare opened like a portal in the mist. All at once she sprang to her limbs, and her fiery eyes looked right behind, as if she was about to dash forward. I turned about, and saw close beside me the old solemn man whom I had seen before leading the child of the fountain from the laurels where I heard the song, and found old Nanny. He held in a leash a brace of greyhounds as white as the mountain snow.

"So-ho, sir," he said, as if surprised. "You must be fond of the sport to wait here. Did you ever see my dogs run before?"

"Never," I answered, ill at ease.

"What! —never see these beauties. You must be of some other world."

"I assure you, sir," said I, "I never had the pleasure."

"Never too old to learn, then," he said, and he laughed a hideous "Ha, ha, ha!"

"They look well," said I. "Strong-haunched, thin-flanked, stout in the arm, and fine in the nose."

"They are in continual exercise," said he, "and seldom come back without their game. I have coursed them round the world for many a century."

"Century, sir," said I. "Six or seven years is enough for the best grue ever ran on heather. How are they bred."

"Out of Secrecy by Sin. I can run their pedigree back to the gates of hell."

"Holy Virgin!" I exclaimed in terror; and the dogs strained on the leash and grinned as I uttered the words, while their master's visage grew swarthy as the heath, and I saw his teeth like red coals within his grinning lips, as he shrieked out—

"Ha, ha, ha! Are you tough in the wind?" he said, "and in the legs?"

"Middling," I answered. "May I ask the name of your dogs?"

"Force and Fraud."

"And if I might presume, sir, to ask your name?"

"To be sure, with pleasure. I am THE DEVIL!"

"The devil you are?"

"Yes, sir, the devil I am! and you are my henchman. Come!" said he, plucking a horn that grew behind his ear, blowing a blast like the north wind. "Buckle your belt and run."

He slipped the leash, and away went the dogs. Force went first like a young cataract from the snow in spring; and Fraud behind him went easy and fleet. The hare started forward, and I flew after with my fellow-hunter right into the glaring circle of the clouded sun. Where we trod I saw not. The mountain ridge sloped gently down; but the dense mist hid every object only the gleaming eyes of the flying game, and the snow-white dogs, like two clouds of evening, coursing in the sky. In the descent the dogs drew near the quarry, which seemed to cripple and hold up one leg, as if wounded by the way.

"Have you never seen us coursing so along the evening sky," said my grim fellow, as he pointed to his hounds.

"I have, I have!" said I, warning in the chase, as I remembered often gazing up at the little white clouds above the mountain tops.

"Bravo! my fine fellow; I knew we were made for each other."

Here the dogs were right in on their prey.

"So miss," he cried out, "have I caught you at last?"

She squatted, and in a moment the dogs overran her. In an instant making a circle in the mist, she headed on in the same direction as before; and while they returned on her track, she was already with her glancing eyes far away before them.

"Damn her!" he shouted, "she would cheat the devil!" and away we flung again, yelling towards the dipping sun.

"She always heads to the light," he said. "I have chased her a million of times; but I shall have her at last, if fate be not a liar."

"You know that hare, then," I asked.

"Know her, the villain!" said he. "To be sure I do; they call her Hypocriasy. I have ran down Innocence in three turns often; but this slut runs into the sun, and the dogs are blinded. She dazzles my eyes continually."

She had now gained rising ground; and without a halt, still towards the sun, she left us far behind.

"Home now," said he, as he whistled on his dogs, which returned unbreathed and obedient to his feet. "Come now, I'll make a bargain with you. You are a jolly sportsman. Promise to obey me, and I'll show you sport."

My blood was up.

"Sport?" said I. "I'll promise anything."

"But remember," he added, "there are no drawbacks."

"Pooh!" said I, "where lies the sport?"

"Swear then to obey me."

"Pon honour," said I.

"Honour!" he replied, sneering.

"That won't do in my country."

"Well, then," I said, "how shall it be?"

"Swear by your life, and by this."

He pulled out from his bosom a small amulet, as it seemed, of transparent crystal. Within it I saw a living creature moving to and fro. It was a serpent living, and lighted like fire, with golden wings; and still as it moved about, it darted out its hooked tongue, and shot a glancing sting from its tail.

"Press it to your lips, and swear."

"I swear to obey you," said I, and kissed the pledge.

Immediately a sense of uncontrollable desire to utter forth thronging images possessed me. My lips moved to and fro, instinct with coloured words, and all different from the realities I remembered of their objects.

"Out, accursed light!" said I; "and pleasant glooms all hail! Hail delicious lies, sweet sense of various hues, unknown before! Benign eloquence, be mine for ever! O let me hence with words that will not stay, that I may deceive the nations!"

I pressed it once more to my lips, and it thrilled through my senses like the fiery kiss of young passions. My lips were burning, and my brain reeled. I could not but salute the mystery again and again. I had no power. Its eyes glanced and gazed in mine; and still, like one overcome by beauty, I kissed and kissed again. My lips became burning, and words such as never answered human thoughts rose in legions to my lips.

"Give me the autumn ravine," I cried. "Let me lurk therein like a sloe on the bush, or in the gloomy corners of the dead. I will lie and love thee, and all things of shadow, where the forest is dim, and in the southing caves of the ocean. Out, sun, and henceforth quench all light, my enemy, and the foe of my heart. Debasing tyrant of the earth, revealing all barrenness and naked truth, out, hence, and be dark to eternity!"

Again I clasped it to my lips, and still fiercer grew my ambition to disclose the new life within me. I felt inventions of worlds—charms to overlay and abolish all evil signs—spheres of silvery delusions rolled and orbéd into imaginations—and the sounds of the spirits guiding them were voluptuous, thrilling like the Siren's, far over the sea.

A calm smile sat on the face of my companion. The mist was thick around us, and the sun was down. As I looked at him, I saw no footing where he stood. His form expanded, and he showed majestic features.

"Put it to your heart, and swear!" said he. "I will not bargain with the lips only."

I pressed it madly to my bosom, as youth clasps at desire unsatisfied. A torrent of fire ran through my veins. What the senses only visioned before the soul felt now. There was no more to wish for ever after. Hope faded into fruition; knowledge, wisdom, and power nourished me as blood. The talisman quickened in my grasp, and stood embracing me with tenderest clasplings—with unremoving lips—with eyes in which the very life swelled and ebbed like summer ripples on the shore, and melted away in sighings like the lonely sea. The form was woman, and youth immortal within her bosom heaved close to mine, and the amaranth bloomed in her soft persuading cheek. Close she clung, and closer—ecstasy insufferable mantled over sense and soul; my breath stood

still, and my dizzy brain was melting away. I had found the secret fountain of life and love, and sank exhausted to drain it from the brim.

"What is her name?" I said.

"Swear!" said the mighty hunter, "by your heart."

"I swear for ever!" I answered. "What is her name?"

"She is the daughter of my hope," said he. "You have pledged your faith; and as she flees, so must you follow. PERDITION is her name. You have sworn obedience. Follow your game, and when you hear this horn come to the sound."

She fled from my arms. He stamped his foot, and beside me stood a blood-red hound, with his nose aloft drinking the air.

"Away!" he shouted; "and faint must be the scent where Desire cannot follow."

Like an expiring flame, he darkened into mist. Desire stood before me, rolling his restless nostrils in the air; and then with an eager bay he bounded on, and I sprang after; but the game we followed was invisible in the clouds. Too visible in my imagination stood that quelling beauty—those eyes of fluent light—those enchanting lips—that bosom, soft and swelling, like young waves of summer. On, on! that cloud will disclose her flight, or else on for ever, to eternity; one moment more to drink such kisses were worth the journey of the world. Unsatisfied and chill, I bounded on after the unseen quarry. Weary and sore, I would fain have rested; but a breath blew aside the mist for a moment, and I saw her turning in her flight, and the bloom of her bosom was like the coming spring. Again it closed, and I followed on for hours and days. Fatigue wasted my limbs, and the fire in my heart grew faint; yet the vision rose ever within it, and keen as ever I followed the unfagging hound. Farther and farther, bleeding, and jaded, and sick; but Desire knew no stop nor stay, and away into the unknown we hunted like onrest.

But human strength is feeble than desire, and I sank exhausted on the ground. My ears rung, and the mist circled and eddied around me. I thought I saw her moving near, and as in dreams, I reached out to clasp the air. We had followed the course of sunset; and now, as I lay, I saw his glory resting on the rim of the world. A huge arch of light rose round him into the sky, and seemed built out of the solid clouds. It was golden and pearly, and shaded with veins of the blueness of heaven. Desire was halting at the portals, as he gazed back towards me. Within appeared a spectacle fit to lure ambition. In the foreground of the scene a light such as beams round the dreams of conquerors, burned over plains and slopes, nodding with ungathered harvests, whose grains were gold. They hung their heavy ears over clear streams, from whose lustre they drew up living riches. Trees with gorgeous boughs and fruits, kindred with the sun, nodded on the heights, and dropped the gleaming wealth from among their leaves, each a falling meteor. Mighty men of mould and stature wandered to and fro, and maidens bathing in the water held out arms from bosoms soft as the ripples that rolled over their beauty. Cities with towers and terraces innumerable, reared up their glittering pinnacles beyond, wherein I saw kings crowned, with slaves and warriors crowding round, chariots and horses, and the long pomp of prators going or returning, with clang of cymbals and banners sweeping the air. Far behind arose such hills as the clouds of sunset that hung over them. Those that sat on them were Gods, and the female forms among them such as never breathed mortality. Their eyes were moonlight on the tropic sea: their tresses spun from the curling waves that twine in the darkness of immeasurable caverns. The sunset lingered over them. The hills had brighter brooks than silver. Cataracts of emerald and sapphire light threw their celestial spray down slopes such as the coral diver sees beneath the sea. It fell, and clustered on the pearly herbage like coloured lights in the firmament; and the woven light lay as a mantle over half-hidden flowers that glanced under it like stars in a summer fountain that makes them quiver as it flows; and the shadows on the hills were like the azure hollows far out in the main ocean.

I gazed on unmoving; and a voice rose afar like a rolling river—an imperial sound filled all the region, like Oronoko or Amazon, when they wake up the Western morning in the ears of untamed man:

Coward heart and failing limb,
Drowsy sluggard of the earth,
Where the sun and stars are dim—
Come where Hope and Love have birth!
Like the embers from the hearth,
Like the blossoms from the tree,
Plenty there decays to dearth,
Death from Life is hunting thee.

Here are Fancy's purpled hills,
Here Ambition's towers of gold.
Earthly fountain never fills
Streams like those our vallies hold,
Down in every mountain fold
They go appaured from the sun—
Faltering heart, awake, be bold,
And the heritage is won.

When the dew of boyhood's dawn,
At the kindling morn of Youth,
Rose in glorious dreamings gone,
Here they settled into truth;
Never Time's devouring tooth
Gnaws the bud or fruitage here;
Here, enchanted, gentlest Ruth
Holds her urn without a tear.

There thou art a silly slave,
Shepherd Conscience pens thee in
From the cradle to the grave,
Trembling for the old wolf, Sin.
Here thy golden years begin,
Wolf and flock together play;
No more frets the shepherd's din,
Nor his angry dogs all day.

Wealth shall trouble thee no more;
House, or raiment, food, or drink.
Wish—and ere the wish is o'er,
Teems around the fountain's brink
Fruit of boughs that never shrink
From the cold calamity.
Labour here is but to think,
And the God-like hand is free.

Would'st thou utter noble thought—
It is uttered ere it rise,
By no wasting watching bought ;
O'er the blushing earth it lies,
Like the rosy dawning skies ;
Genius stirs the trembling grass,
Weeps from out the violet's eyes,
Fills the breezes as they pass.

Here the heart can find its brother,
As the blossom finds the dew,
And another and another,
Like the flowers that spring anew ;
And the free life passes through,
Like the wind-sigh through the tree.
Dream of Love, and it is true ;
When thou wak'st, embracing thee.

When the heart would utter love
On that frustrate earth below,
The stumbling tongue in vain would move,
As deep as love it cannot go.
Here to and fro thy life doth flow,
Breathing the immortal hours ;
And the thoughts, unspoken, grow
On the leaves and on the flowers.

The sounds yet rung within my bosom, like the music of advancing billows round some far-off cape in a summer sea, and, as with wings, I rose to take the glorious way. There was no choosing. Forward, forward, ever and only,—on to fulfil all imagination, and tread the soil from which around my way sprung life and immortality.—[Remainder next week.]

TRAVELLING BY THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ: SHIP-CANAL OR RAILWAY?

The comparative merits of canal and railway communication across the Isthmus of Suez are at this moment warmly canvassed by the French and English journals. The French are unanimous in favour of a ship-canal; the English (or at least such of them as have taken up the subject) appear to be equally unanimous in favour of a railway. Perhaps there may be on both sides a little of the bias of preconceived opinion and *arrière pensée*. Railways are the fashion at present in England, and the Englishman inclines to recommend them at all times and under all circumstances, like his blue pill: on the other hand, the view of Madagascar in the background, and the importance of direct water-borne communication with it, may not be without influence on the Frenchman. Such biases are inevitable; and it is proper to make allowance for them, in listening to the arguments on both sides.

One thing must be premised: both parties assume that the peculiar formation of the region across which it is proposed to carry the canal or railway is much more accurately known than it really is. Without any disparagement to the distinguished men who examined it under Bonaparte, their operations amounted to nothing more than a flying survey; yet their operations must be taken as the groundwork of any view of the country entitled to attention, for what has been done by others is only fragmentary and supplementary.

The object of both parties in this controversy is the establishment of a more speedy, safe, and regular communication between Europe and the East, as economically as possible.

With respect to speed, there is a leaning to the railway, which appears to us to arise from the partial and imperfect way in which that plan has been stated to the public. The distance from Tineh (the proposed terminus of the canal on the side of the Mediterranean) to Suez is nearly the same as from Cairo (the proposed terminus of the railroad on the side of the Mediterranean) to Suez. *Ergo*, say the supporters of the railway, the distance from Cairo to Suez can be performed in less time by railway than the distance from Tineh to Suez by canal; and the railway ought to be preferred. It is left out of view, that Tineh can be reached by steam-vessels from Trieste, Marseilles, and Southampton, in about the same time as Alexandria or Rosetta; and that between Alexandria or Rosetta the distance is one-third greater than from Tineh to Suez. Before the travellers or letters get to the railway terminus, they must be conveyed one and a third times the whole length of the canal, by boats on the Nile or Mahmoudieh canal, or by a railway longer than that between Cairo and Suez.

On the head of safety and regularity, both means of conveyance are evidently on a par. Neither will be undertaken without a sufficient guarantee from the native government; and whichever is executed must be placed under European management.

With respect to economy, it must again be remarked that the railway project is fragmentary and imperfect. To insure the full advantage of this mode of communication, a railway would require to be constructed from Alexandria to Cairo, and thence to Suez. The estimated expense of constructing and upholding the railway, put forth by its projectors, is only two-fifths of what it would actually amount to.

So far, what is said by either party in behalf of its own scheme has been considered. Their mutual objections resolve mainly into the impracticability of the opponent's plan. It is alleged that the railway would be frequently obstructed and rendered unworkable by the drift sand of the desert. This objection, if the facts have not been exaggerated, is fatal to the railway scheme. It must be obvious to every one how small an accumulation of sand would stop the locomotives; and the violence of the sand-winds in the desert between Cairo and Suez is vouched for by credible witnesses. On the other hand, it is alleged that a ship-canal from Suez to Tineh would inundate the lands on the Lower Nile, which lie below the level of the sea at Suez, with salt-water, and destroy the cultivation; and that there are no safe harbours for vessels of large draught at the termini of the canal. The fallacy of the first objection is obvious. It is probable that the estimate hitherto made of the difference of level between the waters of the Red Sea at Suez and those of the Mediterranean will be found to be in excess; but some difference there undoubtedly is. Nor is the land which intervenes between the two seas an unbroken level all the way. Some locks will be required—probably floodgates at the Suez terminus; and these will arrest the brackish water before it reaches Egypt. The question as to the harbours is more difficult. That there is tolerably secure riding-ground at Suez, has been ascertained; but respecting Tineh we are without information. That part of the coast-survey of the Mediterranean by the British marine is yet incomplete; and until we have a detailed survey of the coast in the neighbourhood of Tineh, this objection cannot be satisfactorily set aside.

So far the preponderance of argument is decidedly in favour of the canal.

With steam-navigation, (and the Archimedean screw propellers favour the introduction of steam navigation on the canal,) the distance between Tineh and Suez by canal would be accomplished in little more time than that between Cairo and Suez, and the journey from Alexandria or Rosetta to Cairo would be saved. As to the expense, the canal-communication from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea would, on account of its inferior distance, cost little if any more than the railway communication, if the latter is to be complete. All depends upon the fact whether there is safe anchorage and safe access to the entrance of the canal at all seasons in the neighborhood of Tineh. If this is the case, there can be no doubt that the canal is the preferable project.

Hitherto the mechanical practicability of either scheme has alone been considered. It is worthwhile, however—assuming for a moment that they are equally practicable—to look at the arguments drawn from the probable benefits to be derived from each. It is apparent that a railway can only be available for the conveyance of passengers, letters, and light goods. Even the latter would in a great measure continue to be sent round by the Cape of Good Hope, as part of assorted cargoes. With mercantile men, the advantage of not needing to break bulk in the middle of the voyage will amply compensate for the delay. Complaints have been heard among traders, that the increased rapidity of letter communication with India, unaccompanied by an increased rapidity of the transmission of goods, has not been productive of unmingled benefit. But waiving this consideration, the advantage of a railroad are limited to—greater convenience for travellers, greater facility for Britain in the government of her Indian empire, greater rapidity for merchants in the interchange of intelligence. A ship-canal would afford all these advantages in an equal degree. Nay, the convenience of travellers would be increased; for they would escape the shifting from the steamer to the boats of the Nile or Mahmoudieh canal, from these boats to the camels or railway of the desert, and thence to another steamer. And a ship-canal would shorten the voyage from Europe to India and China, and escape the baffling winds and currents that haunt “the Cape of Storms.” The importance of the Cape of Good Hope as an intermediate station between Europe or Brazil and the Australian Colonies—between Brazil or the United States and India and China—would scarcely be diminished; and our communications with Natal, Mauritius and Madagascar, would be rendered more direct and regular. It is true that Marseilles and Genoa, Venice and Trieste, would share in the advantage; but their gain, instead of diminishing, would increase ours. Our commercial intercourse with India and China would not be diminished by their concurrence; and our commercial intercourse with them would be rendered more profitable. A ship-canal, if practicable, is to be preferred to a railroad with a view to the interests of Great Britain alone; and if we turn our attention to the interests of Europe and the world, the case of the canal is immeasurably strengthened. The only ground of hesitation is the state of uncertainty in which we are as to the anchorage and access to the shore at all seasons in the vicinity of Tineh: and these doubts might easily be either removed or confirmed.

Spectator.

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THE ANGLO AMERICAN,

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1845.

GOOD READERS—In all sincerity and from the deepest recesses of our hearts we wish you “A Happy New Year,” and all the good dispensations of a kind Providence which constitute earthly happiness. We should indeed be ungrateful could we pass in silence by the solemn juncture, at which by common consent the race of mankind join in philanthropic feelings towards each other. But we feel in so large a measure the promptings of your kindness towards us, that we ought to rejoice when so fair an opportunity is presented to us to do justice to our own hearts. We have here given vent to our sentiments and are all the better for it, we shall now proceed to give more substantial proofs of our esteem by endeavoring to add to your hebdomadal gratification.

The question of the passage to India, *via* the Red Sea, is now occupying the public mind in Europe, exceedingly. That it will be effected is very obvious, but how or by whom is the perplexing question. The English are so smitten with the Railway mania that they are not contented to cut up their own island in every direction through the length and breadth of the land, but they begin to consider a Railway as a succedaneum for every ill, a solution of every difficulty; we should hardly be surprised to find them asserting by and bye, that it is the best mode of roasting their mutton or of mending their clothes. They are for railing it, across the Isthmus of Suez, and trouble not themselves about enquiries, for has not this kind of conveyance been effected from Dover to John o' Groat's house, and consequently will it not be easier to run one so short a distance as across the deserts of the Isthmus? This shews how the human mind will proceed in one direction when the bent has once been taken, and how a people, not wanting in sagacity, will deceive themselves when they are following a beaten track. There are two facts connected with the manner in which this contemplated passage to India shall be effected, which are of the highest importance to mechanical and to commercial men. The first is the great and the evident liability of Railroads across the Isthmus to become choked by the masses of fine sand which are continually being blown about in that section of geography; to such an extent indeed as remove land marks and make portions of that district dangerous to strangers though they may have passed over it before. Now as it is a great consideration to reduce friction as much as possible, it will not do to rush into an increase of it; the additional power that would be requisite, the chances of damage to the machinery by sudden and unexpected hindrances, the probability even of fire, if the passage be rapid, or of a vexatious tardiness in the speed, to avoid such a contingency, all these militate against a Railroad *there*; to say nothing of another and still greater evil; that namely of unloading freight at the Mediterranean port, to be carried overland to that of the Red Sea, and then the relaying for proceeding to India, China

Madagascar, or otherwise as the case may be. Whereas a Ship Canal would at least greatly diminish the amount of labor with regard to cargo, and thereby contribute to the safe condition of it by leaving it undisturbed until its final unloading.

An article in the London Spectator, to which we have elsewhere given place, puts these two sides of the question in a strong point of view. We do not, however, quite agree with the writer as to the relative levels of the waters at the Red Sea and the Mediterranean sides of the Isthmus. It is well known that the tide waters of the world proceed constantly in a westerly direction, and have a tendency to rush up the seas, gulfs, and bays, the mouths of which open freely towards the course of its currents. This is most strikingly obvious to us on the eastern coast of N. America, the westerly direction of the tide waters being checked by the shores alluded to, they turn northwards, and in their passage towards the North and East they rush up the bay of Fundy and make that tremendous tide which has hardly a parallel in any other part of the world. Just so it is with the Red Sea, the mouth of which is directly open to the tide waters of the Indian Ocean, and consequently the level of those waters must thereby be greatly raised. But the Mediterranean on the other hand is so situated that, besides the narrowness of its mouth, at the straits of Gibraltar, the waters would have to run back, contrary to their natural current, and it is chiefly by the greater height of the Atlantic outside the Straits that there is a constant current running in, the tendency of which is to bring up the level. But those waters, coming in at so narrow a strait, have to run two thousand miles, besides the consideration of the expanded breadth, before they can reach the Mediterranean shore of the Isthmus: how little of them then are likely to reach that shore, under any circumstances, but when we add to this consideration that other reasonable one which must be taken into account, that the evaporation from the Mediterranean waters is actually as great as all that are poured into it, it must be evident that the two sides of the Isthmus must be at very different levels. But grant the fact, it does not present any formidable difficulty in the construction of a Ship Canal; yet there is probably one consideration which has not been taken into account; it is this, the same accumulation of drifting sands which would clog the Railroad, will tend to choke portions of the Canal, and a very great expense will have to be constantly incurred in clearing away such accumulations.

But we think the Canal plan will be the adopted one. The balance of advantages is strongly in its favor, the main remaining difficulty will be to settle who shall do it, and what securities shall be obtained for its protection and continuance. The old ruler of Egypt, Mehemet Ali, would like to have it his own; his successor, who may soon be its Ruler himself, is barbarous enough to reject the scheme altogether. Any or all the nations of Europe would be glad enough to take the matter in hand, and if Mehemet Ali were no more than fifty years of age one might prognosticate both its completion and its successful operation. At present this very question is perhaps the greatest difficulty of all. What an astonishing revolution in the geography and in the commerce of the world is laid open to view in the nineteenth century! Should those great barriers to intercommunication between the East and West, which have existed ever since the creation of the world, be removed once and for ever in our own days. Africa cut off from interposition in the Navigator's course, by means of a channel of seventy or eighty miles in length. South America and its dreaded coast-storms in like manner avoided through the construction of a Canal of still shorter extent, across the Isthmus of Panama! The science, the wealth, and the enterprise of the present age, should be all combined to produce such glorious results, and make thereby the present age the most memorable in human record.

We have seen a passage in a recent number of a weekly journal, which savours of man-worship and obsequiousness requiring a word of reproof, and which we really think the illustrious object of such adulation would read with displeasure if perchance it were ever to meet his eye. In alluding to the accumulated honors bestowed upon the Earl of Ellenborough since his return to England, and coupling the remark with reflection upon the East India directors, the following passage occurs:—"If the friend and favorite of the Duke of Wellington can be suddenly called from his scene of duties—duties of the highest moment and entrusted to him by the Duke to execute—it cannot be supposed that the veteran or his sovereign can be much gratified with such an extraordinary proceeding." Now we know that the Duke is wise, experienced, resolute, and an honest politician; no person goes beyond us in real admiration of his great qualities; but it is in bad taste to raise a cry about the Duke's "favorite" being treated with severity; it is unconstitutional to speak of services which "the Duke"—not the sovereign or the government—intrusted to him to execute; and it is far too much in the Wolsey style, the "*Ego et Rex meus*" to talk of the veteran (first) and his sovereign (second) as not being gratified with the measure. With respect to the little of political power that remains to the East India Company, it should never be forgotten that it was "the Merchant Princes" who originated the splendid empire of the East; the English government in reference thereto may say as Prince Henry said to his father, touching the crown, "You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me," and the Company should not be like a stone rolling downwards, which receives a kick from every one who can reach it, in order to facilitate its descent.

We are fearful that the subject of Repeal Humbug may be prolonged too far, and therefore we leave out an able article on the subject which appears in the latest Blackwood. But we cannot suffer it to be lost sight of altogether because it offers a refutation of several allegations upon which the Agitator and his misled multitudes ground their pretensions. The author humorously bemoans in the general cry of "Injured Ireland," and then upsets step by step some of

the most prominent complaints of the Repealers. We shall point out a few of these.

One of the heaviest cries against the present order of things is that of Absenteeism. Now it is impossible to say to a landed proprietor, "you may draw your rents, but the legislature shall have the power of laying down the rule of where you shall spend them." It will ill assort with the condition of a free man to deprive him of the right of spending his money where he shall feel inclined. But the Imperial Parliament has done all that it reasonably could do in that case, and it has had regard to the alleged poverty of Ireland, and to the prudent necessity of conciliating Ireland even more than is strictly just, all at one time. For be it recollected that whilst England and Scotland pay upwards of four millions sterling yearly of assessed Taxes, and upwards of five millions sterling of Income Tax, the Irish are not saddled with a single farthing on either of these grounds. They pay not a Guinea, in the entire length and breadth of Ireland in direct taxation; so that an Irish gentleman, living either upon his own estate, or in his native island, is altogether exempt from those imposts; he has consequently more money to spend, and lives also in a cheaper portion of the British dominions. It is only if he resolves upon coming to a dearer district, and out of his own country, that he becomes liable to those drawbacks on his resources.

Furthermore it appears, and that too on well established evidence, that rents in Ireland are one third less than those of England, that the burthen of tithes is almost entirely taken off the tenants, and that they have to pay but half the poor's rate there, whilst the English tenant is burthened with it all. The County rates, Parochial rates, and Turnpike expenses which in England are so large a cut into the family loaf, are not near so heavy in Ireland, being all revolvable into the County Cess which is heavier or lighter according to the conduct of the people themselves. Here then are many important grievances disposed of in a manner which grumblers cannot gainsay. For another, concerning which much has been said, and that loudly, we will let the article itself to which we refer, speak in its own nervous language:—

"The next item in the catalogue of grievances is the municipal law. None has been more frequently or more forcibly dwelt on; its injustice, and tendency to exclude the 'Liberal' inhabitants of the towns and cities of Ireland from local influence and political power, form prominent topics in the speeches of every patriot orator. Let us see with what justice.

"It must be admitted that there is considerable. Conservative property and respectability in the Irish corporate towns; and yet what has been the result of the elections under this municipal law so loudly declaimed against!—There are thirty-three corporations in Ireland, all of which, with one solitary exception (that of Belfast), are not only Liberal but downright Revolutionary. The number of the friends of order in the town-councils is so small, that they can accomplish nothing. Overwhelming majorities have voted addresses to the 'convicted conspirators,' and their mayors formed a deputation to present them, and proceeded in state to the 'dungeon of the martyrs' and yet this law, which lays the corporations of Ireland at the feet of O'Connell, form 'one of the greatest oppressions under which his devoted country groans.' He has unlimited influence in all. What more would he have? what more could any law give him?"

But with regard to the "most crying sin," that of Absenteeism, it is much to be regretted that the loud-tongued complainants do not look first into their own hearts, contemplate their own acts, consider the words and the motives of their advisers, before they give vent to their intemperate revilings. The truth is, that such examinations are beyond them; they are not cool enough to do so, and thus they pin their political faith upon their great Agitator, and their social, like their religious faith, upon their priests. We would have the writer speak again on this subject, and then let the subject drop for the present:—

"This moral disorganization, and the total disrespect for the rights of property by which it is accompanied, creates other evils as its necessary consequence; it produces hostility and ill feeling between the higher and the lower classes, augments absenteeism, and deprives the peasantry of the personal superintendence of those who would really have their interests at heart, and by whose example they would be benefited. Nor can we be surprised that any person whose circumstances enable him to do so should reside out of Ireland; when we see every man of rank and fortune who relinquishes the pleasures of the capital, and the enjoyments of society, for the purpose of settling on his estates, and performing his duties, subjected to the abuse of every scurrilous priest, and the insults of every penniless agitator. Landlords naturally wish to reside at home were their possessions, in a wholesome state of society, would secure them local influence and respect; but unless the Irish gentleman bows to the dictates of every local representative of the 'august leader,' he is deprived of both, and risks his personal safety into the bargain. No men profess to lament absenteeism more than the priests and agitators. But how do they act? They declare against the non-residence of the proprietors; but their sole object in doing so is to rouse the feelings of their auditors, and thus prepare them for the performance of what they wish them to effect. What encouragement do they or their creatures afford to such as do return? We like facts. The Marquis of Waterford, a bold and daring sportsman, boundless in his charities, frank and cordial in his manners, not obnoxious on account of his politics, and admitted on all hands to be one of the very best landlords in Ireland—in fact, just such a character as the Irish would admire—he comes to reside and spend his eighty thousand a year in the country, and how is he treated?

He gets up a splendid sporting establishment in Tipperary; his hounds and horses were twice poisoned; and this not being sufficient to drive him from the neighbourhood, in which he was affording amusement and spending money, his offices were fired, and his servants with difficulty saved their lives. Compelled to abandon Tipperary, he betakes himself to his family mansion in Waterford; and how is he received there? Why, in his own town and within his hearing, we find the 'meek and Christian priest' addressing his tenants and labourers, the men whom he employs and supports, after the following fashion:—"Men of Portlan! you were the leading men who put down the Beresford in '26 (the marquis's father). I call on you now, having put down one set of tyrants, to put down another set of tyrants (the marquis himself).—Does such conduct (and this but one instance of many which we could adduce) evince a desire, on the part of the 'pastors of the people,' to encourage the

residence of the gentry, or a wish to procure for the peasantry those blessings which they paint in such glowing terms as sure to ensue from their landlords living and spending their incomes amongst them! Much as the priests and agitators declaim against absenteeism, nothing would be more contrary to their wishes than that the absentees should return. They have no desire to share their influence with others; and hence it is that an excuse is always made for quarreling with every resident who cannot be made subservient to their wishes; and while they steadily persevere in their system of annoyance and offence, they as lastly reiterate their lamentations on a state of things which their own conduct tends to produce.

There are few things, among the thousand which agitate the public, which give us more unaffected concern and regret than the differences and dissensions which disturb the Protestant Episcopal Church, and all upon non-essentials. They are giving great scandal to the enemies of Religion, and, in fact, are making sad inroads upon the dominion of Reformed Faith.

Can it be possible that the great light which shone so resplendently in the days of Luther, and shed its beams on the heads and hearts of the Reformation martyrs so that they rejoiced to die in support of it, was a mere *ignis fatuus*? Is it possible that the corruptions which could not sustain themselves when backed by both temporal and spiritual power, and which were confounded and beaten whilst men had hardly learned to think for themselves, can now be able to raise their heads again in triumph, after the light of reason and the right of enquiry has been conceded to men's consciences more than three hundred years? The thing is impossible, the real giants have been discomfited, and we are now fighting either windmills or phantoms of the brain.

The causes of all these contemptible cavils—contemptible in themselves but capable of being transformed into formidable instruments—are such petty matters as the uses of Surplices or of Gowns, in certain services of public worship, the position of the ministering ecclesiastic when he offers up the prayers and praises for himself and the congregation, and other such unworthy causes of dispute, at which infidels scoff, and the pious hang their heads. The more important articles of the Tractarian creed have been frowned down by the Protestant world generally, and by the most enlightened of the Bishops of the Episcopal Church, and few there are now among the latter who attempt to put the broken fragments together, except those who have an insatiable desire for holding influence over the public mind, and of advancing the powers of the hierarchy. Among the latter, perhaps, the foremost is he of Exeter; who, having been an agitator in his way from an early period of his public career, cannot sit down even in his latter days and enjoy the repose which his former labors have earned for him, because thereby he would fall back into the obscurity from which he has struggled hard to emerge. Originally, though a clergyman, a violent political pamphleteer, his writings placed him on the Sacerdotal bench; and now a theological pamphleteer and leader of no ordinary importance, he will fight to the last in promotion of the authority of his order. But he cannot succeed, because the objects of his censure and reform are of too small a nature to be respected.

With respect to the storm in a tea-pot about preaching in a Surplice, the bishops surely cannot be ignorant that the question was decided long ago. As the organ of the congregation when all hearts should be prostrated in penitence and prayer, or lifted up in praises and adoration of the Almighty, nothing can be more suitable to the officiating clergyman than the plain, simple, pure, and ample garb of the white surplice. It is a non-essential, true, and must not be regarded in any higher light than a humble human effort to offer reverence and respect to Him to whom we owe "every good and perfect gift." It is moreover an emblem—the very thing to be guarded against, in adapting costume to service, lest the substance and the shadow become confounded. But though this is seemingly much to be approved, it does not follow that we are to revile nor even bitterly to censure those who hold it a matter of indifference or as an adulation observance to put on vestments, and who think that prayers offered from the heart will be as mercifully attended to without a surplice as with one. This however, is not the very gist of the matter; it is the *command* that the surplice be used in preaching.

Now preaching is not a part of Divine worship, and here the officiating clergyman ceases to be a minister and commences to be a teacher. He therefore very properly assumes his academical vestments, and tacitly admits himself to be a tellible but earnest expounder of sound religion and morality.

As for the new (old) injunction that the clergyman shall pray with his back to the congregation, it is worse than absurd. He is their mouthpiece, they respond to what he says and surely they ought to hear it. The service is a union of sounds, in accord to the hearts and the voices, and they should be intermingled as they ascend to the altar of God. It is really time that we should call back our wandering senses, and once more become a reasonable people.

¶ We are happy in being able to announce that the Concert in aid of the Charitable Funds of the St. George's Society of New York, has resulted in a surplus for the Charitable purposes, of a trifle more than \$1700.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

OLE BULL'S THIRD CONCERT.—This took place at the Tabernacle on Monday evening last. It was exceedingly well attended, and the performance was appreciated much more correctly than the preceding ones had been. Mr. Bull's latest compositions were repeated, and the audience seemed to have attained to an understanding of the subjects. We know not how far we may have been correct in divining the plots but we shall venture to describe them according to our notion of the matter. The "Niagara" we consider to be constructed as follows: The party is advancing towards the vicinity, and some faint noises peculiar thereto first strike the ear; these multiply and increase in loudness as the wayfarer is supposed to proceed, and some of them are of a very bizarre character. All at once the sight and hearing of the "Father of the floods" enchain the senses, and are represented by a bold and grand burst of music, of a sublime character. After the contemplation of this for a while, the soul may be supposed to abstract itself from external objects, and a strain is heard of a

devotional effect, as if a holy rapture, mingled with astonishment at the surrounding scene, and a consciousness of man's puny powers as compared with those of the Creator of this magnificent view. Becoming tranquil and self-possessed through this devotional service, the beauties and the splendours around are now contemplated with a purer delight, and after a while the party is supposed to retire, with the same peculiar sounds as before, gradually dying away, and the piece concludes with a strain expressive of pious pleasure, and convictions of the power, dignity, and beneficent providence of the Creator of all these wonders.

The "Solitude of the Prairies" is of a more simple description, and seems to convey the following plot: The party is presumed to be about to quit the busy haunts of men, and to take up his abode in the vast wilderness beyond the present progress of civilization. The beginning is the determination to do so; we hear all the bustle of departure, the leave-taking, the commencement of the journey, and sounds and combinations which strike familiarly enough on the ears. By degrees strange sounds and passages are heard, indicative of a considerable change of scene, and the course of civilized life not so distinct; presently noises as of wild beasts are heard we are advancing towards primitive life, and it is evident that the traveller is getting into difficulties and dangers. On and on the music assumes sounds which indicate the withdrawal from the noise and business of stirring man, and the concluding strains tell us unequivocally that he is indeed in *solitude*; the tones are monotonous, slow, and retarded, gradually attenuated, and the bow of the violin causes the note to be more and more faint, until we seem to have said "Come then Expressive Silence, muse his praise!"

These were the notions passing through our fancy whilst these beautiful compositions were played, and Mr. Bull received the most unqualified marks of approbation from the audience. He also played a *Preghiere* in fine style, and a Siciliano movement, followed by a Tarantella, in which he was enthusiastically encored. Upon coming forward again at the close of his last piece, instead of repeating it he played the National airs of "Hail Columbia!" and "Yankee Doodle," which were greatly applauded.

Signor Sanquico assisted; he sung an aria which is commonly suppressed, but of great beauty, in the "Cenerentola," it was however thin for want of the Orchestral accompaniment. He also sang an air from "Don Pasquale" which did not tell. Miss Northall likewise sang on this occasion and she was warmly and deservedly applauded. Her voice is not yet formed, and she is somewhat diffident at her commencement, but her notes are true, her upper voice is clear and ringing, but towards the lower part it is thin. The lower extreme of her compass however is good. It is a pity that in singing her utterance is somewhat lisping, but we think that either Mr. Vandenhoff or Mr. Hows could assist her to cure that, or at least might help her to restrain its prominence. In the latter of her songs "Thou art lovelier" she gave many cadenzas and roulades showing that she possesses both flexibility and execution, out as regarded the subject she thereby sadly overlaid a simple ballad air with ornament not suitable. We would recommend her to cultivate simplicity and *The Text* essentially, and ornament sparingly unless when singing the brilliant and scintillating "Italian School of Vocalism."

Literary Notices.

THE TREASURY OF HISTORY.—By Samuel Maunders.—New York: Adeo.—The first number of this work is before us; it is a compilation by one who well knows how to select among the multitude of literary treasures at his command, and we therefore anticipate a valuable "Treasury." It is to have the addition of a "History of the United States," by John Inman, Esq., who will doubtless do the subject in a spirit of frankness and candour.

THE KNICKERBOCKER FOR JANUARY 1845.—The number before us is No. 1 of Volume XXV. If the completion of the twelfth year of its literary existence be not good collateral proof of the goodness of a work we know not what to offer besides. The Editor has stuck manfully to his task, and we are glad to say that the Public have well held out the hand of kind fellowship. We do not say that the present number is better than its fellows, for that is scarcely possible, but it is well worthy of them, and that is saying a great deal.

LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON.—By Amos Kendall.—New York: Harpers.—This work has "hung fire" of late, probably because other matter was temporarily more pressing. We trust it will go on now steadily to the conclusion of the work.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 1844.—New York: Edward Baldwin. This beautiful octavo edition of "Chambers'" continues to be the decidedly preferred one by the public. Indeed we know not that the large sized copy is now put forth by the publishers. There is a neatness in its present form, and it is so convenient to hold during perusal that is a decided alteration for the better. In binding also it makes a more compact and handsome volume.

* * The following paragraph has just fallen under our attention, we commend it to the serious consideration of our readers.

From the Journal of Commerce.

IMPORTANCE OF LIFE INSURANCE.—On the 29th November last, a person applied to the Agent of the National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society, of London, at their Office 62 Wall street, for insurance on his own life, in the sum of \$10,000, stating, that he felt most anxious to secure this sum, in case of his death, to his father, who had incurred heavy liabilities for him, and would suffer severely in consequence, should his death occur.

The usual information about rate of premium was given to him by the Agent, and after his application had been filled up and signed in the usual form, he submitted to an examination before one of the Society's Medical Officers (Dr. Hosack) whose report and that of his own references were highly favourable as to his health and habits.

Mr. — then left the office, and said he would call in a few days and pay the premium, and complete the contract. Three weeks and upwards elapsed, and he returned not to the office—no premium was paid—and the Agent felt annoyed in making up his report for the London office, at being obliged to leave this blank in his returns,—when on the 31st December, a gentleman called and told him that Mr. — had been taken ill with a bilious fever, and — was dead.

Two reflections suggest themselves to the mind from these facts.

1st. The importance of Life insurance.

2d. The folly and madness of delay in effecting insurance and in paying the premium.

The rapid and astonishing rise of the brothers Chambers is almost without a parallel. About a dozen years since, they were compositors in a printing office; now they are the proprietors of one of the largest establishments of the kind in the world. Their warehouses are so extensive that the bindery alone will accommodate some two hundred and fifty persons; the buildings are *eleven stories in height*, being situated on the side of a hill. Each floor is appropriated to a particular branch of the business; the compositors' room, the press-room, the stereotyping department, the binding, publishing, and the editorial rooms. The circulation of Chambers' *Edinburgh Journal* is ninety thousand weekly; thirteen thousand of their *Cyclopedia of English Literature*, and of their *Educational Series* some fifty thousand. The total quantity of printed sheets issued of their several publications were estimated at about *seven millions annually*. Clowe's marvellous establishment connected with Charles Knight's publications in London—which is the largest in the world—Chambers' in Edinburgh, and Harpers' in New York, form the great fountain-heads of the current literature of the age.

The Secret of Scotch Banking.—Of thirty-one banks in Scotland which issues notes, five only are chartered—that is, the responsibility of the proprietors in those established is confined to the amount of their subscribed capital. The remaining twenty-six are, with one or two exceptions, joint-stock banks, and the proprietors are liable to the public for the whole of the bank responsibilities to the last shilling of their private fortunes. The number of persons connected with these banks as shareholders is very great, almost every man of opulence in the country being a holder of stock to a greater or less amount. The Scotch bankers have arranged amongst themselves a mutual system of exchange, as stringent as if it had the force of statute, by means of which an over-issue of notes becomes a matter of perfect impossibility. *Twice in every week the whole notes deposited with the different bank-offices in Scotland are regularly interchanged.* Now, with this system in operation, it is perfectly ludicrous to suppose that any bank would issue the paper rashly for the sake of an extended circulation. The whole notes in circulation throughout Scotland return to their respective banks in a period averaging from ten to eleven days in urban, and from a fortnight to three weeks in rural districts. In consequence of the rate of interest allowed by the banks, no person has any inducement to keep bank paper by him, but the reverse, and the general practice of the country is to keep the circulation at as low a rate as possible. The numerous branch banks which are situated up and down the country, are the means of taking the notes of their neighbours out of the circles as speedily as possible. In this way it is not possible for the circulation to be more than what is absolutely necessary for the transactions of the country. If, therefore, any bank had been so rash as to grant accommodation without proper security, merely for the sake of obtaining circulation, in ten days, or a fortnight at the furthest, it is compelled to account with the other banks for every note they have received. If it does not hold enough of their paper to redeem its own upon exchange, it is compelled to pay the difference in exchequer bills, a certain amount of which every bank is bound by mutual agreement to hold, the fractional parts of each thousand pounds being payable in Bank of England notes or in gold. In this way over-trading, in so far as regards the issue of paper, is so effectually guarded and controlled, that it would puzzle parliament, with all its conceded conventional wisdom, to devise any plan alike so simple and expeditious.—*Blackwood.*

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PROFESSOR GRAVES, A.M., F.R.S., Auditors.
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J. ELLIOTTSTONE, M.D., F.R.S., Physician.
W. S. B. WOOLHOUSE, Esq., F.R.A.S., Actuary.
GLYNN, HALLIFAX, MILLS & CO., Bankers.
SUTTON, EWENS, OMMANNEY & PRUDENCE, Solicitors.
General Agent for the United States of America,

J. LEANDER STARR,
Office No. 62 Wall Street, New York.
Physicians to the Society, (Medical Examiners)
J. KEARNY RODGERS, M.D., 110 Bleecker Street.
ALEXANDER E. HOSACK, M.D., 101 Franklin Street.

This Institution, founded on the mutual and joint stock principle embraces all the recent improvements in the science of Life Insurance.

Proposals from persons residing in this city, and throughout the State of New York, whether for the whole term of life, (with or without "profits") or for a limited period, will be received at the office of the subscriber, (No. 62 Wall Street), where the same will at once without primary reference to London, be accepted if the risk be eligible.

The Bonus (or profits to policy holders of five years standing,) declared at the last annual meeting in May, 1844, was as follows:—

60 per cent. on the amount of annual premiums, as a reversionary addition to the policy—15 2-3 per cent. payable in present cash—or, on the average, 2 per cent. in permanent annual reduction of future premiums—at the option of the assured.

Pamphlets containing the last Annual Report, the Society's rates, &c. together with blank forms, and the fullest information may be obtained upon application.

EXAMPLES OF RATES:—for the Assurance of \$100 on a single Life. PREMIUMS PAYABLE ANNUALLY.

Age next Birth day.	For one year only	For Five years.	For Life.
			Without profits. with do.
15	\$0 77	\$0 81	\$1 47
20	0 86	0 90	1 68
25	0 98	1 05	1 93
30	1 21	1 30	2 22
35	1 46	1 54	2 54
40	1 61	1 64	2 93
45	1 72	1 78	3 47
50	1 94	2 06	4 21
55	2 54	2 96	5 28
60	3 73	4 25	6 68

PROFITS.—The following examples are given of the profits distributed at the last annual meeting of the Society, which was held in London, in May, 1844.

Age.	Assured.	Annual Premium.	Policy taken out in	Bonus in addition to annual premium.	Bonus in Cash.	Permanent Reduction of annual Premiums.
60	\$5000	\$370 84	1837	\$852 32	\$386 26	\$60 93
			1838	720 52	321 38	49 08
			1839	584 00	256 48	37 98
AT ANNUAL MEETING, MAY, 1843.						
54	20,000	1000	1837	2148	875	113 75
59	5,000	337 08	1837	663	295	44 82
56	15,000	877 75	1838	1482	615	82 40

Blank forms of all kinds obtained, free of charge.

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent, resident in New York.
62 Wall Street. D.7-1m.

APARTMENTS WITH OR WITHOUT BOARD.—A couple of gentlemen or a lady and gentleman may meet with very superior permanent accommodations by applying at No. 137 Hudson Street, St. John's Park. The most satisfactory references will be given and required.

ALBION LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, LONDON—Instituted in 1805—Empowered by Act of Parliament.

DIRECTORS.
MATTHEW HARRISON, Esq., Chairman.
JOHN HAMPDEN GLEDSTANES, Esq., Deputy Chairman.
Thos. Starling Benson, Esq.
James Whatman Bosanquet, Esq.
Frederick Burmester, Esq.
John Coningham, Esq.
Frederick Dawes Danvers, Esq.
Sam'l Henry Teuss Hecker, Esq.
Ambrose Humphreys, Esq.
Charles Russell, Esq., M.P.
Kennard Smith, Esq.
Daniel Richard Warrington, Esq.

BANKERS.
The Bank of England.
CAPITAL (PAID UP) ONE MILLION STERLING, OR \$5,000,000, AND THE STOCKHOLDERS RESPONSIBLE.

Bonus of Eighty per cent., or 4-5ths of the Profits, returned to the Policy-holder every three years, at compound interest, without any deduction or reservation whatever, either in Cash or applied in augmentation of the sum insured, or in reduction of the annual premiums, at the option of the Policy-holder.

The first division of Profits in 1849, and every 3 years afterwards.
The Subscribers having been appointed AGENTS for the above Company, are ready to receive proposals for Life Insurance, and to grant Annuities, and beg leave to invite examination of the great advantages offered by the ALBION Office, consisting of perfect security, arising from a large paid up Capital, totally independent of the Premium Fund, and of the large triennial distribution of Profits among the Life Policy-holders.

All persons, therefore, desirous of securing a provision for their families beyond contingency, will find it their interest to do business with this office.

JOSEPH FOWLER, Agents, 57 Wall-street.
R. S. BUCHANAN, Agents, 57 Wall-street.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. Gilloitt. It possesses a greater degree of strength than other fine pointed pens, thus making of a more durable character.

The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.
" Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.
" " Harlem River.
View of the Jet at
" Fountain in the Park, New York.
" in Union Park.

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN—An entirely new article of Barrel Pen, combining strength, with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by
June 8. HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-st.

COUNTRY ADVERTISING!

Advertisements for the New York and Country Newspapers are received at the office of

MASON & TUTTLE,

128 Nassau Street, Opposite Clinton Hall,

And transmitted to any paper in the

UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND THE WEST INDIES.

IF This Agency, which has been some time established and is now in successful operation, will be found useful to those who wish to Advertise, in any of the Country Newspapers, as by this medium considerable labor, expense and delay is saved to the Advertiser, for in whatever number of papers an advertisement may be ordered to appear, only one copy of it is required, while the charge is the same as made by the respective publishers.

IF A File of all the principal Papers published in the United States and Canada is kept at the Office, with a List of Terms, the Population of the Towns, and the Counties through which the several papers circulate.

n 30-4f.

TRUTH AKIN TO NATURE.

HAVE you pain? Be thankful! It is a vigorous effort of Nature to throw off morbid matter. From what may the morbid matter arise? From a bruise, or unwholesome air which has become mixed with the blood, not incorporated in it, but which is liable to taint the whole mass if not speedily removed. Or the pain may arise from bile which has become bad, rancid, putrid, in consequence of the want of power in the proper organs to discharge it. THIS PAIN WHICH SO FRIGHTENS PEOPLE is only the symptoms of the efforts of Nature for the vital principle of the blood, to EXPEL THE PLEASANT OR IMPURE matter, which would otherwise destroy the human fabric. All diseases are of the solid or fluids, or both. When we have pain in our head, or in our feet, in our throat or in our back or bowels, let us but be satisfied that it is produced by the efforts of our blood to throw out morbid matter, and if this be so, if we can but believe and understand this, our cure will be easy and generally sure. For our course will then be to Help Nature to throw off the morbid matter, not to take away the blood. For the blood, EVERY DROP WE HAVE IS REQUIRED TO INSURE ULTIMATE HEALTH to the body, we must NOT LOSE A DROP; neither must we use any medicines internally which are not perfectly harmless, if applied externally to the body. So we must not use any of the preparations of mercury, NEITHER MUST WE USE ANY vegetable medicine of CORROSIVE POWER.

In order to discriminate between Truth, which is eternal, and conjecture, which is like a transient vision, we must be guided by the light of EXPERIENCE. To what does experience direct? To the FREE USE OF DR. BRANDRETH'S PILLS in all cases of bodily suffering. As this advice is followed, SO WILL THE HEALTH OF THE BODY BE RESTORED. The writer has long used them and has never found them fail of imparting relief. In the acute diseases let Brandreth's Pills and mild diet be used, and the patient will soon be restored to good health. In chronic complaints, let the Pills be used as often as convenient, by which means the vitality of the blood will be improved, and a crisis will be generally brought about; the disease being changed to acute, a few large doses of Pills and a few days' confinement to the house, will change the chronically diseased individual to a sound man. This is no figure of the imagination; it can be proved by a thousand matter-of-fact men who have experienced it. REMEMBER, in all cases of disease, no matter whether it be a cold or a cough; whether it be asthma or consumption; whether it be rheumatism or pleurisy; whether it be typhus or fever, and ague, or bilious fever; cramp, or whooping cough, or menzies; whether it be scarlet fever or small pox; that the Pills known as Brandreth's Pills will surely do more than all the medicines of the Drug Stores for your restoration to health, and what is more will surely do you no harm.

TRUST TO BRANDRETH'S PILLS, take them so as to produce a brisk effect, and your sickness will be the affair of a day or two, while those who are too wise to follow this common sense advice, will be sick for months. Let the sick enquire of the agents for Brandreth's Pills whether these things be so or not. Let them enquire among their friends and ask the same question. Verily, if EVIDENCE is wanted it shall be procured. To the sick, let me say, use the

BRANDRETH PILLS

is the best advice mortal man can give you.

The following case from Col. J. Hughes of Jackson, Ohio, a member of the Ohio Legislature, will no doubt be read with interest by those similarly affected.

Cure of violent periodical pain in the head. A thousand persons can be referred to in this city, who have been cured of a similar affliction.

JACKSON, C.H., Aug. 1, 1844.

Dr. B. Brandreth, Sir,—That the greatest good may be done to the greatest number, I take pleasure in informing you that for six or seven years prior to 1840 I suffered incessantly with a nervous headache. I applied to the most eminent physicians in Ohio for relief, but received none whatever. I being much prejudiced to all patent medicines, refused to use your Pills; finally my headache increased daily; I as a last resort, and even without faith, bought a box of your Vegetable Universal Pills. On going to bed I took 5 pills, next night 3, next day 1; skipped two nights and repeated the dose—I found immediate relief. Two or three times since I have been partially attacked, I again applied to your Pills and all was forthwith well. I cannot speak too highly of your Pills, for nothing relieved me but them. May you live long to enjoy the pleasure it must be to you to know and feel that day unto day and night unto night, you are relieving the pains and diseases of the human family.

Yours truly,

J. HUGHES.

Sold at Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office, 241 Broadway, 274 Bowery, and 341 Hudson-st.; Mrs. Booth, 5 Market-st., Brooklyn; James Wilson, Jersey City; and by one Agent in almost every town in the United States, who have a certificate of Agency. [Aug. 17.]

NOTICE.—W. THOMPSON, General Agent and Collector, Washington City, attends to the Collection of Accounts, and any other Agency and Commission Business, which may be entrusted to him by Publishers, Merchants, and others having subscribers or claims in the District of Columbia.

REFERENCES.—Messrs. Sturges, Bennett, & Co., Walker & McKenzie, J. O. Sullivan, and A. D. Patterson, Esq., New York; Messrs. Gowen & Jacobs, and Alderman Hays, Philadelphia; Messrs. Jobbin, Murphy & Rose, Baltimore; and Messrs. Gales & Son, Washington, D.C.

The Publishers have the pleasure to announce that the American edition of the

LONDON CHRISTIAN OBSERVER

WILL BE RESUMED
WITH THE No. FOR JANUARY, 1845.
Subscription \$3 per Annum. **CH**
Periodical dealers, and the trade generally, supplied at the usual discount.
MASON & TUTTLE, 125 Nassau-street.

We refer with pleasure to the following testimonials:—
It gives me much pleasure to learn that you intend to re-publish in this country the London Christian Observer, and at such a price that it may conveniently be introduced into the most of Christian families. I have from its commencement considered it one of the best religious journals in the English language; and heartily recommended it to the patronage of all who desire to see the true doctrine of the Reformation faithfully and impartially set forth and defended.

ALEX. V. GRISWOLD,
Bishop of the P. E. Ch. in the Eastern Diocese.

I was a subscriber to the Christian Observer during the re-publication of it in this country, and have always regretted its discontinuance, as I regarded it to be a faithful expositor of the true principles of our holy religion contained in the Bible, and set forth in the Book of Common Prayer. I am pleased to find that it is again to be circulated in our country, as I have every reason to believe that it is unchanged in its character.

WILLIAM AEA. E. Bishop of the P. E. Church in Virginia.

I have heard with great satisfaction that a reprint of the London Christian Observer is about to be undertaken in New York. My acquaintance with it is of many years' continuance. I have never known a periodical conducted in a more truly Christian spirit, or that taught more clearly, instructively and consistently, the great doctrines of the Gospel. As a true expositor of the articles and other doctrinal standards of the Church of England, and of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, the Christian Observer is valuable to every Episcopalian. As a faithful witness against the present formidable pretensions of the Papal Antichrist, especially as they are now exhibiting themselves in the writings of certain Oxford divines, and of their disciples, it ought to be dear to the heart of every true son of the Protestant Reformation.

CHARLES P. McILVANE, Bishop of the P. E. Church in Ohio.

I am truly gratified to learn that you are about to re-publish the London Christian Observer. It has long been with me a favourite periodical, both on account of its decidedly evangelical principles, and the admirable spirit in which it is conducted. I cordially commend it to all with whom my opinion may have influence; and trust that the very moderate terms on which you propose to furnish the reprint, will secure for it an extensive circulation.

JOHN JOHNS, Assist. Bishop of the P. E. Church in Virginia.

I have heard with very great pleasure that Mr. Mason is about to re-publish that admirable work the Christian Observer; and would heartily recommend it to the attention of all those members of our Church who wish to have in their families a sound and able expositor of the great principles of the Reformed Church of England. The cheapness of the work will bring it within the means of almost all.

MANTON EASTBURN, Assist. Bishop of the P. E. Church of Virginia.

I do most cordially approve of the re-publication of the London Christian Observer in the United States.

B. WAUGH, One of the Bishops of the M. E. Church.

THE REGULAR LINE FOR BOSTON, CARRYING THE GREAT UNITED STATES MAIL.

VIA NORWICH AND WORCESTER—TRI-WEEKLY.
THE Steamboat WORCESTER, Capt. J. H. Vanderbilt, will leave Pier No. 1, North River, foot of Battery Place, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 4 o'clock, P.M.

Passengers for Boston will be forwarded by Railroad without change of cars or baggage, immediately on their arrival at Allen's Point.

For further information enquire of D. B. ALLEN, 34 Broadway, (up stairs), Or of D. HAYWOOD, Freight Agent for this line, at the office on the wharf.
N.B.—All persons are forbid trusting anyone on account of the above boats or owners May 11-45.

INTRODUCTION.

Public Notice to the Commercial Interests of New York.
THE UNDERSIGNED, Proprietor of the Marine Telegraph Flag, and Semaphore Signal Book, having supplied above two thousand sail of American vessels, including the Government Vessels of War and Revenue Cutters, informs the Commercial, Mercantile, and Trading Interests of New York, that he is now ready to furnish sets of Telegraph Flags, with Designating Telegraph Numbers, and Signal Books for Ships, Barques, Brigs, Schooners, Sloops, and Steamboats, for Fifteen dollars, complete for conversation.

Having received from the Merchants' Exchange Company, the gratuitous use of their building for the purpose of facilitating the operation of his Semaphore Telegraph system of Marine Signals, and in conjunction with Mr. A. A. LEONARD, of the Telegraphs in Wall-street, at the Narrows, and the Highlands, it is contemplated to furnish the several Pilot Boats with sets of the Marine Signals, by which means, the earliest information of vessels' arrivals will be announced from the office, and the Telegraph numbers displayed at the Merchants' Exchange, as soon as announced from below.

Vessels on approaching the land from Sea, are requested to hoist their Conversation Flag, and show their Telegraph Designating Numbers, and to keep them flying until they have passed the Telegraph Stations below.

Signal Book (a pocket edition) will be furnished each owner of all those vessels in the possession of the Marine Telegraph Flag, gratuitously.

Sets of Flags, Designating Numbers, and Signal Books in constant readiness by A. A. LEONARD, Merchants' Exchange, and by the undersigned, at the Marine Surveyor's Office 67 Wall-street.

JOHN R. PARKER, Sole Proprietor.
New York, Sept. 1, 1844.
P.S. Ships' and Barques' numbers are displayed with a pendant above—Schooners' below—Brigs', alone.

MCGREGOR HOUSE, UTICA, N.Y.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT situated near the intersection of Whitesboro and Genesee Streets, on the site of the old Burchard place, one of the oldest tavern stands in this section of the State, has lately been opened for the reception of guests, under the supervision of the proprietor, JAMES MCGREGOR.

And it is believed that the accommodations it affords are such as to induce the travelling public, if they desire GOOD FARE, PROMPT ATTENDANCE, and commodious, well lighted, and well ventilated apartments, to make it their home during their stay in the city.

The House and Furniture are entirely new. The building was erected last year, under the immediate direction of the proprietor, who has endeavored in all its internal arrangements to embrace every modern improvement designed to contribute to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The lodging rooms are spacious and convenient. A considerable part of the House has been apportioned into Parlors with sleeping rooms and closets attached. They are situated in pleasant parts of the House, and in finish and general arrangement are inferior to no apartments of a similar character in any Hotel West of New York.

In each department of Housekeeping the proprietor has secured the services of experienced and competent assistants, and he is confident that in all cases, those who honor him with their patronage will have no reason to leave his House dissatisfied, either with their fare, their rooms, their treatment, or with his Terms.

The "McGregor House" is but a few rods distant from the Depot of the Eastern and Western Rail Roads, and the Northern and Southern Stage Offices. Travellers who desire to remain in the city during the stoppage of the Cars only, can at all times be accommodated with warm Beds. Porters will always be in attendance at the Rail Road Depot and at the Packet Boats to convey Baggage to the House, free of charge.

Attached to the House are the most commodious Yards and Stables, for the accommodation of those who journey with their own conveyances.

Utica, Nov. 1, 1843. JAMES MCGREGOR. [Mar. 9-45]

MR. W. R. BRISTOW, Professor of Music, &c., would be very happy to receive a few pupils on the Organ or Piano Forte. For terms &c., apply at 95 Eldridge-street. Lessons in Harmony, Composition, &c. [Nov. 23-4m]

ALBION NEWSPAPER.—For Sale, a full set of Volumes of the Albion from the commencement of 1833: they are in good order and will be sold at a reasonable rate. Address D. E. at this Office. [St. 28-4f.]

DOCTOR BRANDRETH'S ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

THERE are in the world medicines adapted to the cure of diseases of every form and every symptom. And when men follow the instinct of their natures, they use BRANDRETH'S PILLS for the cure of their maladies. And those who have done so have not had cause for repentance with reference thereto. These Pills are, indeed, quietly becoming the reliable medicine of mankind; for all who use them in accordance with the printed directions, find so much benefit individually, that they recommend them to all such of their friends that may not at the time be enjoying good health. These universally celebrated Pills take out of the body all diseased, decayed, or unhealthy particles; they eradicate everything from the human body contrary to its healthy condition. No matter of how long duration the complaint may have been, there is every chance of recovery when the Pills are commenced with, and it is utterly impossible for them to injure; nearly a century's use has proved them innocent as bread, yet all powerful for the removal of disease, whether chronic or recent, infectious or otherwise. We have an account to settle with ourselves as regards the pleasures and pains of life. It is soon stated. Suppose you are highly favoured by nature, having a sound mind in a sound body, the lot of but few. You cannot but be affected when you observe so much suffering from bodily infirmity around you; which neither riches nor the palliative prescriptions of physicians are able to obviate. Even the best health is insecure unless a certain remedy can be used when the first advances of sickness come. If then you would avoid this state of things, and you are anxious to secure your own health, your judgment, and a long vigorous old age, take BRANDRETH'S PILLS; with them you can never err; and you will avoid all the miseries of an infirm, ailing existence. Let every one whose health is not perfect take them daily for one month; instead of weakening you, you will find all your faculties of mind and body improved; all kinds of food will give you pleasure, and none whatever will disagree with you. Your digestion will proceed smoothly and pleasantly, your stomach will not require the assistance of wine, biters, or drams; in fact, you will soon learn these things are injurious. The reason it is easy to explain: Digestion is effected solely by the solvent power of the bile. This bile is made by, and secreted from the blood. It is produced by the same operation from the blood as is the growth of the body, or any part thereof, as the bones, the hair, the eye, or the nails. By the use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS you expel out of the body those corrupt humours which impede digestion, and cramp nature in all her operations. Those humours which produce Cancer, Rheumatism, Consumption, Piles, and, in fact, all the long catalogue of diseases to which humanity is subject, but which are reducible to one, IMPURITY OF BLOOD. Custom has designated the name of the disease by the place upon which the impurity of the blood settles, or deposits itself; thus, upon the lungs, Consumption, upon the muscles, Rheumatism; if upon the skin, Erysipelas and Leprosy; upon the knee, a White Swelling; and wherever pain is felt, or any feeling in any part of the contrary to health, there the impurity of the blood is endeavoring to establish its evil influence. So in Constiveness it is occasioned by the impurity of the blood, which has become seated upon the muscles of the bowels, and which prevents the proper action of the bile to produce the daily evacuation of morbid deposits. But all these effects of impure blood are cured or prevented by the use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. In a word, they will give the power and vigor to the human constitution it was intended to have by nature, and which it possesses before the absurd notions of the great advantages of Fonic or Bracing, and mineral medicines were acted upon. Instead of finding your digestive powers and strength diminish, as you will be told by doctors and other interested persons, you will find your strength and digestion daily improve, and all the energies of your mind and body more lively and vigorous. You will soon perceive that you are every day adding to your well being by the simple operation of evacuating from your body the noxious humours of the blood, the source of all the pain and misery experienced in the human body. Such is the benign operation of BRANDRETH'S PILLS, that they only take out of the body what is hurtful to it, thus producing its purification and its perfect health.

The BRANDRETH PILLS are the best medicine for families and schools. No medicine is so well adapted for the occasional sickness of children. By having them in the house, and giving them when the first symptoms show themselves, the sickness will be the affair of only a few hours, and in scarlet fever, measles, and worms, there is no medicine so safe and so sure to cure. It is all that should be used, or ought to be used. I speak as a father, and from experience.

Ladies should use BRANDRETH'S PILLS frequently. They will insure them from severe sickness of the stomach, and generally speaking, entirely prevent it. The BRANDRETH PILLS are harmless. They increase the powers of life—they do not depress them. Females will find them to secure that state of health which every mother wishes to enjoy. In Constiveness, so often prevalent at an interesting period, the BRANDRETH PILLS are a safe and effectual remedy.

There is no medicine so safe as this; it is more easy than castor oil, and is now generally used by numerous ladies during their confinement, to the exclusion of all other purgatives; and the PILLS, being composed entirely of herbs or vegetable matter, purify the blood, and carry off the corrupt humours of the body, in a manner so simple as to give every day ease and pleasure.

Man will be born to-day of bilis, compared to what has hitherto been his lot, weighed down as he has been by disease, infirmities, and suffering, which no earthly power knew how to alleviate until this discovery was presented to the world. The weak, the feeble, the infirm, the nervous, the delicate, are in a few days strengthened by their operation, and the worst complaints are removed by perseverance, without the expense of a physician. Adapted to all circumstances and situations, they are the best medicine ever invented for families, or to take to sea, preventing scurvy and costiveness, requiring no change of diet, particular regimen, or care against taking colds.

THE BRANDRETH PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, with full directions, at one store in every town in the United States. Let all who purchase enquire for the certificate, on which are fac-similes of the labels on the box, if like the PILLS, they are genuine—if not, not. There has yet been, I believe, no counterfeit of the new labels, and it is to be hoped there will not, for it is impossible to imagine a greater crime than that of making money by the miseries of mankind.

The public servant, B. BRANDRETH, M.D.
Principal Brandrethian Office, 211 Broadway, New York. The retail offices are 411 Hudson-street and 274 Bowery. Mrs. Booth is the Agent in Brooklyn, No. 5 Market-st., and J. Wilson, Main-street, Jersey City. Parker, Broad-street, Newark. Price 25 cts., with full directions in English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and German.

Observe the Red Printing on the Top and Bottom Label. On every Box of Genuine BRANDRETH PILLS, BENJAMIN BRANDRETH'S PILLS is printed over Two Hundred times in Red Ink. Remember to see to this, and you will not be deceived with Counterfeit PILLS. [Sept. 21-45]

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has all ways on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places. [Ap. 20-4f.]

M. RADER, 46 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. Leaf Tobacco for Segar Manufacturers, and manufacturers. [Ap. 20-4f.]

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

The Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York	Days of Sailing from Liverpool.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1, July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16	
England,	S. Bartlett,	June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16, Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1, Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16	
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowber,	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16, Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	
Europe,	A. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1, Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16	
New York,	Thos. B. Cropper,	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, April 16, Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1	
Columbus,	G. A. Cole,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1, Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16	
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey,	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16, Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1	

Those ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y., and to BARING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool. [Feb. 3.]